

MACAULAY'S  
LAYS OF  
ANCIENT  
ROME

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Jos. Till





# MACAULAY'S POEMS

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*W. Maranley*

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME  
AND OTHER POEMS

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## INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was one of those authors whose fame came early and easily, and whose influence and reputation persist with almost undiminished vigor. He wrote not for any literary class or in any transient literary fashion, but made his appeal largely to the common sense of common people. He sought not only to instruct but also to delight. He brought to his work a marvellously stored memory, a vivid imagination, a lively sense of that plain justice of which plain men approve, a discriminating sense of what is of general interest, and an extraordinary power of saying his thought in such a way that it could not be misunderstood. As a result of these qualities, his writings have continued to rank in popularity with those of the most successful novelists, and to find many readers who will read little else that is serious and made into the form of books.

Macaulay was born October 25, 1800, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, and died December 28, 1859. His father, Zachary Macaulay, a Scotch Calvinist, devoted many arduous years to the cause of antislavery, and was, next to Wilberforce, the greatest of the men in

that movement. His mother, an English Quaker, had singular gentleness and force of character and the wisdom to protect the child from the flattery his precocity might have brought upon him.

For precocious the young Macaulay certainly was. From the age of three he "read incessantly." He liked books better than toys, and was fond of explaining what he read. He would spin interminable stories out of his head while out walking with his nurse. He constantly associated his everyday experiences with the things he read in books. In 1808 his mother wrote: "My dear Tom continues to show marks of uncommon genius. He gets on wonderfully in all branches of his education, and the extent of his reading and of the knowledge he has derived from it are truly astonishing in a boy not yet eight years old. He is at the same time as playful as a kitten." And his mother's testimony is more temperate in tone than that of others. He began to write in both prose and verse before he was eight. Indeed, there is little in the life of the infant Macaulay to console the fond parents of dull children.

His preparation for the university was conducted in a private school near Cambridge, and at the age of eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he was the centre of a brilliant group of young men who were interested not only in their university studies, but in the literature, politics, and social theories of the day. Macaulay's interests, like his reading, were wide, and

included almost all subjects, except mathematics and philosophy, and he was even then known as an exceptionally brilliant talker and debater. He took his full share of university honors, and in 1824 was appointed to a fellowship.

Soon after this he began to read law and was admitted to the bar in 1826. But until he read law later, with the definite purpose of applying its principles to legislation for India, he never put his whole heart into the study. It was during these years of reading law that he began his literary career. After a brief connection with Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, he began to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, whose editor was the famous scholar, critic, and lawyer, Jeffrey. His first contribution was the essay on *Milton*. It attracted immediate and wide attention by its brilliancy and force. This was only the beginning of a long series of important historical and critical essays, most of which were written in the brief intervals he found from the pressure of the duties of public life.

His first entry into Parliament was in 1830. His maiden speech was in favor of the removal of the political disabilities of the Jews. His first great speech was made in 1831, in favor of the Reform Bill. It aroused an excited admiration, such as set all who heard it to comparing Macaulay with the greatest orators within their memories. From this time to the end of his career in Parliament the cry that "Macaulay was up" was suf-

cient to fill the house. In all his political career he stood consistently by the stanch and reasonable principles of the Whig party. To his mind the right to govern was proved by the exercise of power through the consent of the governed and for their good.

With literary and political distinction came social prominence. Macaulay was overwhelmed with invitations to the houses of the great. But though he found in this flattery some modest pleasure, he continued his severe labors, and still found his pleasure mainly in his own home.

In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Council for India. Upon him fell the principal part of the labor of framing the laws for the government of India. This so-called Penal Code of India was a monument not only to the industry, but to the high ability of its framers.

In 1838 Macaulay returned from India and made a tour through France and Italy. Upon his return to England, in 1839, he reëntered Parliament as member for Edinburgh, and for the next ten years continued his active political and literary life. The years 1842 and 1843 were marked by the publication of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* and his collected *Essays* respectively. In 1847, after his defeat for reëlection at Edinburgh, he retired to private life to complete his cherished plan of a history of England.

In the following year appeared the first two volumes

of this famous work. It was greeted with a cordiality amounting to enthusiasm. Edition after edition was called for, until it rivalled the success that had belonged to Scott's novels and Byron's *Childe Harold*. Its author had held that history could be made as interesting as fiction, and he had proved his theory. New honors now came to him. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and appointed to the professorship of modern history at Cambridge. The latter position he declined, that he might continue his own historical work. In 1852 he was reelected to Parliament from Edinburgh, and in 1856 resigned because of failing health. In the following year his long career as statesman and man of letters received the highest honor reserved for illustrious Englishmen. He was made a peer, Lord Macaulay, Baron of Rothley.

But his great vigor of body and intellect had now failed him, and in two years more he was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Of Macaulay's literary work much has been written. And to judge him properly is not so easy as his own clearness and vigor might seem to indicate. His admirers are to be counted by thousands. His detractors are few, and these commonly censure in him the absence of certain subtleties and of a certain philosophical balance, rather than the presence of any positive faults. Here, as elsewhere, it seems to be the business of criti-

cism to judge the writer for what he was rather than for what he might have been.

As an essayist, he is easily one of the two or three most interesting, if, indeed, he does not in this regard hold the first place in English literature. His style is clear and cogent, his imagination vivid, his resources abundant. Subjects that are dull in other men's hands in his become fascinating. If his statements are sometimes too emphatic, the march of his periods too sonorous,—too much like the music of brass instruments,—if his thought never rises very high or penetrates very deep, these, at least, are faults which are seen rather by the trained student of literature than by the ordinary reader. And to have won the ordinary reader to the perusal of long essays on serious subjects is one of the greatest of triumphs.

Not less interesting to note than his manner are his range and variety of subjects: On *Milton* and the Civil War, on *Boswell's Johnson*, on *Hallam's Constitutional History*, on *Pitt*, on *Lord Bacon*, on *Lord Clive*, on *Madame d'Arblay*, on *Ranke's Lives of the Popes*, on the Dramatists of the Restoration, on Education. The list is much longer than can be given here. And all this rich and brilliant work was put forth for the pages of a magazine in the scant leisure of the busy life of a statesman.

As a historian, Macaulay still stands first in the power of telling an interesting story of the past. Gibbon and Green are probably the only English historians who



approach him. It is often charged that he overstates a case for the sake of effect, and that his Whig principles kept him from that entire impartiality which a historian should have. If this is true—and I have not the requisite historical knowledge either to support or refute the statement—it is a grave limitation. But the student of literature may be permitted to wonder whether the tincture of error in his work is not atoned for by the skill which has made familiar and vivid to many readers what the accurate but dull historian never could induce them to read.

Of Macaulay's powers as an orator we have interesting contemporary testimony: "His action—the little that he used—was rather ungainly. His voice was full and loud; but it had not the light and shade, the modulation, found in practised speakers. His speeches were most carefully prepared, and were repeated without the loss or omission of a single word." But his biographer Trevelyan says: "Macaulay spoke frequently enough on the spur of the moment; and some excellent judges were of opinion that, on these occasions, his style gained more in animation than it lost in ornament. Even when he rose in his place to take part in a discussion which had long been foreseen, he had no notes in his hand and no manuscript in his pocket. . . . Each thought, as it rose in his mind, embodied itself in phrases, and clothed itself in an appropriate drapery of images, instances, and quotations; and when, in the course of his speech, the thought recurred, all the words which gave it point and

beauty spontaneously recurred with it." Another contemporary says: "It was quite evident that Macaulay had not learned the art of speaking from the platform, the pulpit, the forum, or any of the usual modes of attaining a fluent diction. He was at once too robust and too recondite for these methods of introduction to the oratorical art. In all probability it was that fulness of mind, which broke out in many departments, that constituted him a born orator. Vehemence of thought, vehemence of language, vehemence of manner, were his chief characteristics. . . . He plunged at once into the heart of the matter, and continued his loud resounding pace, from beginning to end, without halt or pause. This vehemence and volume made Macaulay the terror of the reporters; and when he engaged in a subject outside their ordinary experience, they were fairly non-plussed by the display of names, and dates, and titles. He was not a long-winded speaker. In fact, his earnestness was so great that it would have failed under a very long effort. He had the faculty, possessed by every great orator, of compressing a great deal in a short space."

As a poet, he has fewer claims to distinction. He has few lines that please the fancy and haunt the memory. His melodies have not the subtle charm that the great English poets have known from Chaucer down to Tennyson. He does not move to tears. He does not arrest one by insight and penetrative imagination as does Wordsworth. Compared with the greatest, indeed,

he falls far short. But he can tell a stirring story in martial fashion. He can give the reader a lively sense of place and action. Indeed, it was his habit not merely when composing the *Lays*, but in all his reading, to imagine not only the actors but the geography of the scene. And so his poems, like his prose, bristle with allusions that become interesting and effective only as the reader widens his own range of reading.

His best work, indeed almost his only known work, in verse is his ballads: *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, *Ivry*, *The Battle of Naseby*, and the unfinished *Armada*. In their lifelike manner and their local color we see the point of view, not so much of the historian as of the historical novelist, and in the verse-structure of the *Lays* we see the influence of Scott's metrical romances.

His purpose in these *Lays*, the imaginary reproduction of lost ballads of the Romans, Macaulay, has fully explained in his letters and in the notes reprinted in the present volume. Like everything else that he wrote, they found instant favor. John Wilson, the dreaded censor of first efforts in poetry, whom not even Tennyson could please at first, was emphatic in his praise of the *Lays*. "Sir Walter would have rejoiced in Horatius if he had been a doughty Douglas.

“ ‘Now by our sire Quirinius,  
It was a goodly sight  
To see the thirty standards  
Swept down the tide of flight.’

That is the way of doing business! A cut-and-thrust style, without any flourish, Scott's style when his blood was up, and the first words came like a vanguard impatient for battle." The directness and vigor which found favor then are still the main charm for readers young or old.

Of Macaulay's personal characteristics much that endeared him to memory has been recorded. His father had been rich, and the son had every reason to expect a life free from the necessity of earning money. But while he was at college the family fortunes began to decline, until, when he left the university, it became evident that "throughout the coming years of difficulty and distress, his brothers and sisters would depend mainly upon him for comfort, guidance, and support. He acknowledged the claim cheerfully, lovingly, and, indeed, almost unconsciously. It was not in his disposition to murmur over what was inevitable, or to plume himself upon doing what was right. He quietly took up the burden which his father was unable to bear; and, before many years had elapsed, the fortunes of all for whom he considered himself responsible were abundantly assured. . . . He unlearned the very notion of framing his method of life with a view to his own pleasure; and such was his high and simple nature, that it may well be doubted whether it ever crossed his mind that to live wholly for others was a sacrifice at all." Trevelyan, from whom the foregoing citation is made, has recorded many pleasing pic-

tures of the hearty love and fun that ruled in the household which he maintained, and that were continued with his nephews and nieces. He never married, but found to his last years the keenest delight in the society of children. His tenderness of heart, his robust vigor, his love of fun, and his knack of improvising verses and stories made him their favorite playfellow. And so simple and unassuming was he in his private life that it was long before the children even suspected that their playmate "Uncle Tom," one of the most distinguished men in England, was anything else than their uncle.

"He could seldom be tempted to step outside his own immediate circle of friends and relations. His distaste for the chance society of a London drawing-room increased as years went on. . . . 'It was with an effort that he even dined out, and few of those who met him, and enjoyed his animated conversation, could guess how much rather he would have remained at home.'"

"The wealth which Macaulay gathered prudently he spent royally, if to spend royally is to spend on others rather than yourself. From the time that he began to feel the money in his purse almost every page in his diary contains evidence of his inexhaustible, and sometimes rather carelessly regulated, generosity. . . . To have written, or to pretend to have written, a book, whether good or bad, was the surest and shortest road to Macaulay's pocket. . . . He was handsome in all his dealings both great and small. Wherever he went (to

use his own phrase) he took care to make his mother's son welcome. Within his own household he was positively worshipped, and with good reason; for Sir Walter Scott himself was not a kinder master. . . . It is pleasant to reflect that Macaulay's goodness was repaid, as far as gratitude and affection could suffice to repay it."

# MACAULAY'S POEMS





# MACAULAY'S POEMS

## HORATIUS

▲ LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX

### I

LARS PORSENA° of Clusium°  
By the Nine Gods° he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more°.  
By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

### II

East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
Shame on the false Etruscan°  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome.

10

15

## III

The horsemen and the footmen,  
 Are pouring in amain *violently*  
 From many a stately market-place, 20  
 From many a fruitful plain, *the large*  
 From many a lonely hamlet,  
 Which, hid by beech and pine,  
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest  
 Of purple Apennine; 25

## IV

From lordly Volaterræ°, *a city*  
 Where scowls the far-famed hold  
 Piled by the hands of giants  
 For godlike kings of old;  
 From seagirt Populonia°, *near the city* 30  
 Whose sentinels descry  
 Sardinia's° snowy mountain-tops  
 Fringing the southern sky;

## V

From the proud mart of Pisæ°,  
 Queen of the western waves, 35  
 Where ride Massilia's° triremes  
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves;  
 From where sweet Clanis° wanders  
 Through corn and vines and flowers;  
 From where Cortona° lifts to heaven 40  
 Her diadem of towers.

VI

Tall are the oaks whose acorns  
 Drop in dark Auser's° rill;  
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs  
 Of the Ciminian° hill; 45  
 Beyond all streams Clitumnus°  
 Is to the herdsman dear;  
 Best of all pools the fowler loves  
 The great Volsinian mere°.

VII

But now no stroke of woodman 50  
 Is heard by Auser's rill;  
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path  
 Up the Ciminian hill;  
 Unwatched along Clitumnus  
 Grazes the milk-white steer; 55  
 Unharm'd the water fowl may dip  
 In the Volsinian mere.

VIII

The harvests of Arretium°,  
 This year, old men shall reap;  
 This year, young boys in Umbro° 60  
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep°;  
 And in the vats of Luna°,  
 This year, the must shall foam  
 Round the white feet of laughing girls°  
 Whose sires have marched to Rome. 65

## IX

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
The wisest of the land,  
Who alway by Lars Porsena  
Both morn and evening stand:  
Evening and morn the Thirty  
Have turned the verses o'er,  
Traced from the right on linen white°  
By mighty seers of yore.

70

## X

And with one voice the Thirty  
Have their glad answer given:  
“Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;  
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;  
Go, and return in glory  
To Clusium's royal dome;  
And hang round Nursia's° altars  
The golden shields of Rome.”

75

80

## XI

And now hath every city  
Sent up her tale of men;  
The foot are fourscore thousand,  
The horse are thousands ten.  
Before the gates of Sutrium°  
Is met the great array.  
A proud man was Lars Porsena  
Upon the trysting day.

85

XII

For all the Etruscan armies	90
Were ranged beneath his eye,	
And many a banished Roman,	
And many a stout ally;	
And with a mighty following	
To join the muster came	95
The Tusculan Mamilius°,	
Prince of the Latian° name.	

XIII

But by the yellow Tiber	
Was tumult and affright:	
From all the spacious campaign	100
To Rome men took their flight.	
A mile around the city,	
The throng stopped up the ways;	
A fearful sight it was to see	
Through two long nights and days.	105

XIV

For aged folks on crutches,	
And women great with child,	
And mothers sobbing over babes	
That clung to them and smiled,	
And sick men borne in litters	110
High on the necks of slaves,	
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen	
With reaping-hooks and staves.	

## XV

And droves of mules and asses  
     Laden with skins of wine, 115  
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
     And endless herds of kine,  
 And endless trains of wagons  
     That creaked beneath the weight  
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods, 120  
     Choked every roaring gate.

## XVI

Now, from the rock Tarpeian°,  
     Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
     Red in the midnight sky. 125  
 The Fathers of the City,  
     They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
     With tidings of dismay.

## XVII

To eastward and to westward 130  
     Have spread the Tuscan bands;  
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote  
     In Crustumium° stands.  
 Verbenna down to Ostia°  
     Hath wasted all the plain; 135  
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum°,  
     And the stout guards are slain.

## XVIII

I wis, in all the Senate,  
There was no heart so bold,  
But sore it ached, and fast it beat, 140  
When that ill news was told.  
Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
Up rose the Fathers all;  
In haste they girded up their gowns,  
And hied them to the wall. 145

## XIX

They held a council standing,  
Before the River-Gate;  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.  
Out spake the Consul roundly: 150  
"The bridge must straight go down;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Nought else can save the town."

## XX

Just then a scout came flying,  
All wild with haste and fear: 155  
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:  
Lars Porsena is here."  
On the low hills to westward  
The Consul fixed his eye,  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust, 160  
Rise fast along the sky.

## XXI

And nearer fast and nearer  
Doth the red whirlwind come;  
And louder still and still more loud,  
From underneath that rolling cloud, 165  
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,  
The trampling, and the hum.  
And plainly and more plainly  
Now through the gloom appears, 170  
Far to left and far to right,  
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
The long array of helmets bright,  
The long array of spears.

## XXII

And plainly and more plainly,  
Above that glimmering line, 175  
Now might ye see the banners  
Of twelve fair cities shine;  
But the banner of proud Clusium  
Was highest of them all,  
The terror of the Umbrian, 180  
The terror of the Gaul.

## XXIII

And plainly and more plainly  
Now might the burghers know,  
By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
Each warlike Lucumo°. 185  
There Cilnius of Arretium  
On his fleet roan was seen;



And Astur of the four-fold shield,  
Girt with the brand none else may wield,  
Tolumnius with the belt of gold, 190  
And dark Verbenna from the hold  
By reedy Thrasymene°.

## XXIV

Fast by the royal standard,  
O'erlooking all the war,  
Lars Porsena of Clusium 195  
Sat in his ivory car.  
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name;  
And by the left false Sextus°,  
That wrought the deed of shame. 200

## XXV

But when the face of Sextus  
Was seen among the foes,  
A yell that rent the firmament  
From all the town arose.  
On the house-tops was no woman 205  
But spat towards him and hissed,  
No child but screamed out curses,  
And shook its little fist.

## XXVI

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
And the Consul's speech was low, 210  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe.

“Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town?” 215

## XXVII

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The Captain of the Gate:  
“To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late. 220  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his Gods,

## XXVIII

“And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest, 225  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame, 230  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame?

## XXIX

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play. 235

In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand  
And keep the bridge with me ? ”

240

## XXX

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;  
A Ramnian<sup>o</sup> proud was he :  
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”  
And out spake strong Herminius  
Of Titian<sup>o</sup> blood was he :  
“ I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”

245

## XXXI

“ Horatius,” quoth the Consul,  
“ As thou sayest, so let it be.”  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless Three.  
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel<sup>o</sup>  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

250

255

## XXXII

Then none was for a party ,  
Then all were for the state ;  
Then the great men helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great :

260

Then lands were fairly portioned;  
Then spoils were fairly sold:  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

## XXXIII

Now Roman is to Roman 265  
More hateful than a foe,  
And the Tribunes° beard the high,  
And the Fathers° grind the low.  
As we wax hot in faction,  
In battle we wax cold: 270  
Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old.

## XXXIV

Now while the Three were tightening  
Their harness on their backs,  
The Consul was the foremost man 275  
To take in hand an axe:  
And Fathers mixed with Commons°  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above,  
And loosed the props below. 280

## XXXV

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noonday light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
Of a broad sea of gold. 285

Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head, 29c  
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI

The Three stood calm and silent,  
 And looked upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 From all the vanguard rose; 29j  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array;  
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
 And lifted high their shields, and flew  
 To win the narrow way; 30a

XXXVII

Aunus from green Tifernum°,  
 Lord of the Hill of Vines;  
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
 Sicken in Ilva's° mines;  
 And Picus, long to Clusium 30j  
 Vassal in peace and war,  
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,  
 The fortress of Nequinum° lowers  
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.° 31a

## XXXVIII

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
 Into the stream beneath ;  
 Herminius struck at Seius,  
 And clove him to the teeth ;  
 At Picus brave Horatius  
 Darted one fiery thrust ;  
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

315

## XXXIX

Then Ocnus of Falerii°  
 Rushed on the Roman Three ;  
 And Lausulus of Urgo°,  
 The rover of the sea ;  
 And Aruns of Volsinium°,  
 Who slew the great wild boar,  
 The great wild boar that had his den  
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's° fen,  
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
 Along Albinia's shore.

320

325

## XL

Herminius smote down Aruns :  
 Lartius laid Ocnus low :  
 Right to the heart of Lausulus  
 Horatius sent a blow.  
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !  
 No more, aghast and pale,

330

From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark      335  
The track of thy destroying bark.  
No more Campania's<sup>o</sup> hinds shall fly  
To woods and caverns when they spy  
Thy thrice accursed sail."

## XLI

But now no sound of laughter      340  
Was heard among the foes.  
A wild and wrathful clamor  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' length from the entrance  
Halted that deep array,      345  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow way.

## XLII

But hark! the cry is Astur:  
And lo! the ranks divide;  
And the great Lord of Luna      350  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.      355

## XLIII

He smiled on those bold Romans  
A smile serene and high;  
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.

Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter°  
 Stand savagely at bay :  
 But will ye dare to follow,  
 If Astur clears the way ?" 360

## XLIV

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
 With both hands to the height, 365  
 He rushed against Horatius,  
 And smote with all his might.  
 With shield and blade Horatius  
 Right deftly turned the blow.  
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ; 370  
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :  
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
 To see the red blood flow.

## XLV

He reeled, and on Herminius  
 He leaned one breathing-space ; 375  
 Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,  
 Sprang right at Astur's face.  
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet  
 So fierce a thrust he sped,  
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out 380  
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

## XLVI

And the great Lord of Luna  
 Fell at that deadly stroke,  
 As falls on Mount Alvernus°  
 A thunder-smitten oak. 385



Far o'er the crashing forest  
 The giant arms lie spread;  
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
 Gaze on the blasted head.

## XLVII

On Astur's throat Horatius  
 Right firmly pressed his heel;  
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
 Fair guests, that waits you here!  
 What noble Lucumo comes next  
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

390  
395

## XLVIII

But at his haughty challenge  
 A sullen murmur ran,  
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,  
 Along that glittering van.  
 There lacked not men of prowess,  
 Nor men of lordly race;  
 For all Etruria's noblest  
 Were round the fatal place.

400  
405

## XLIX

But all Etruria's noblest  
 Felt their hearts sink to see  
 On the earth the bloody corpses,  
 In the path the dauntless Three:

And from the ghastly entrance 410  
Where those bold Romans stood,  
All shrank, like boys who unaware,  
Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear 415  
Lies amidst bones and blood.

## L

Was none who would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack ;  
But those behind cried, "Forward!"  
And those before cried, "Back!" 420  
And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array ;  
And on the tossing sea of steel,  
To and fro the standards reel ;  
And the victorious trumpet-peal 425  
Dies fitfully away.

## LI

Yet one man for one moment  
Stood out before the crowd ;  
Well known was he to all the Three,  
And they gave him greeting loud. 430  
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !  
Now welcome to thy home !  
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?  
Here lies the road to Rome."

## LII

Thrice looked he at the city ; 435  
Thrice looked he at the dead ;

And thrice came on in fury,  
And thrice turned back in dread :  
And, white with fear and hatred,  
Scowled at the narrow way  
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
The bravest Tuscans lay.

440

## LIII

But meanwhile axe and lever  
Have manfully been plied ;  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.  
“Come back, come back, Horatius !”  
Loud cried the Fathers all.  
“Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
Back, ere the ruin fall !”

445

450

## LIV

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;  
Herminius darted back :  
And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
They felt the timbers crack.  
But when they turned their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more.

455

## LV

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream ;

461

And a long shout of triumph  
    Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
    Was splashed the yellow foam, 46½

## LVI

And like a horse unbroken  
    When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
    And tossed his tawny mane, 47º  
And burst the curb, and bounded,  
    Rejoicing to be free,  
And whirling down, in fierce career  
Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
    Rushed headlong to the sea. 475

## LVII

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
    But constant still in mind;  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
    And the broad flood behind.  
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus, 48º  
    With a smile on his pale face.  
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena.  
    “Now yield thee to our grace.”

## LVIII

Round turned he, as not deigning  
    Those craven ranks to see ; 48½  
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,  
    To Sextus nought spake he :

But he saw on Palatinus°  
 The white porch of his home;  
 And he spake to the noble river  
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

490

LIX

“Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!  
 To whom the Romans pray,  
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
 Take thou in charge this day.”  
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed  
 The good sword by his side,  
 And with his harness on his back,  
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

495

LX

No sound of joy or sorrow  
 Was heard from either bank;  
 But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,  
 With parted lips and straining eyes,  
 Stood gazing where he sank;  
 And when above the surges  
 They saw his crest appear,  
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
 And even the ranks of Tuscany  
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

500

505

LXI

But fiercely ran the current,  
 Swollen high by months of rain:  
 And fast his blood was flowing,  
 And he was sore in pain,

511

And heavy with his armor,  
 And spent with changing blows : 515  
 And oft they thought him sinking,  
 But still again he rose.

## LXII

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
 In such an evil case,  
 Struggle through such a raging flood 520  
 Safe to the landing-place :  
 But his limbs were borne up bravely  
 By the brave heart within,  
 And our good father Tiber  
 Bore bravely up his chin.<sup>1</sup> 525

## LXIII

"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus ;  
 "Will not the villain drown ?  
 But for this stay, ere close of day  
 We should have sacked the town !"  
 "Heaven help him !" quoth Lars Porsena, 530  
 "And bring him safe to shore ;  
 For such a gallant feat of arms  
 Was never seen before."

<sup>1</sup> "Our ladye bare upp her chinne."  
 "Ballad of Childe Waters."

"Never heavier man and horse  
 Stemmed a midnight torrent's force ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet, through good heart and our Lady's grace,  
 At length he gained the landing-place."

"Lay of the Last Minstrel," I.

## LXIV

And now he feels the bottom;  
Now on dry earth he stands; 535  
Now round him throng the Fathers  
To press his gory hands;  
And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River-Gate, 540  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

## LXV

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night°; 545  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

## LXVI

It stands in the Comitium°, 550  
Plain for all folk to see;  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon one knee:  
And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold, 555  
How valiantly he kept the bridge,  
In the brave days of old.

## LXVII

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them 560  
To charge the Volscian home;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
In the brave days of old. 565

## LXVIII

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow;  
When round the lonely cottage 570  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus°  
Roar louder yet within;

## LXIX

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit; 575  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close;  
When the girls are weaving baskets, 580  
And the lads are shaping bows;



## LXX

When the goodman mends his armor,  
And trims his helmet's plume ;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom ;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

§§

# THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS°

A LAY SUNG AT THE FEAST OF CASTOR AND POLLUX ON THE  
IDES OF QUINTILIS IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLI

## I

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!  
Ho, lictors°, clear the way!  
The Knights will ride, in all their pride  
Along the streets to-day.  
To-day the doors and windows 5  
Are hung with garlands all,  
From Castor in the Forum,  
To Mars without the wall.  
Each Knight is robed in purple,  
With olive each is crowned; 10  
A gallant war-horse under each  
Paws haughtily the ground.  
While flows the Yellow River°,  
While stands the Sacred Hill°,  
The proud Ides of Quintilis° 15  
Shall have such honor still.  
Gay are the Martian Kalends°,  
December's Nones° are gay,  
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,  
Shall be Rome's whitest day. 20

## II

Unto the Great Twin Brethren°  
We keep this solemn feast.  
Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren  
Came spurring from the east.  
They came o'er wild Parthenius° 25  
Tossing in waves of pine,  
O'er Cirrha's° dome, o'er Adria's° foam,  
O'er purple Apennine,  
From where with flutes and dances  
Their ancient mansion rings, 30  
In lordly Lacedæmon,  
The City of two kings,  
To where, by Lake Regillus,  
Under the Porcian height,  
All in the lands of Tusculum, 35  
Was fought the glorious fight.

## III

Now on the place of slaughter  
Are cots and sheepfolds seen,  
And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,  
And apple-orchards green; 40  
The swine crush the big acorns  
That fall from Corne's° oaks.  
Upon the turf by the Fair Fount  
The reaper's pottage smokes.  
The fisher baits his angle; 45  
The hunter twangs his bow;  
Little they think on those strong limbs  
That moulder deep below.

Little they think how sternly  
That day the trumpets pealed; 50  
How in the slippery swamp of blood  
Warrior and war-horse reeled;  
How wolves came with fierce gallop,  
And crows on eager wings,  
To tear the flesh of captains, 55  
And peck the eyes of kings;  
How thick the dead lay scattered  
Under the Porcian height;  
How through the gates of Tusculum  
Raved the wild stream of flight; 60  
And how the Lake Regillus  
Bubbled with crimson foam,  
What time the Thirty Cities°  
Came forth to war with Rome.

## IV

But, Roman, when thou standest 65  
Upon that holy ground,  
Look thou with heed on the dark rock  
That girds the dark lake round.  
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark  
Stamped deep into the flint: 70  
It was no hoof of mortal steed  
That made so strange a dint:  
There to the Great Twin Brethren  
Vow thou thy vows, and pray  
That they, in tempest and in fight, 75  
Will keep thy head away.

## V

Since last the Great Twin Brethren  
Of mortal eyes were seen,  
Have years gone by an hundred  
And fourscore and thirteen. 80  
That summer a Virginius  
Was consul first in place;  
The second was stout Aulus,  
Of the Posthumian<sup>o</sup> race.  
The Herald of the Latines 85  
From Gabii<sup>o</sup> came in state:  
The Herald of the Latines  
Passed through Rome's Eastern Gate:  
The Herald of the Latines  
Did in our Forum stand; 90  
And there he did his office,  
A sceptre in his hand.

## VI

"Hear, Senators and people  
Of the good town of Rome,  
The Thirty Cities charge you 95  
To bring the Tarquins home;  
And if ye still be stubborn,  
To work the Tarquins wrong,  
The Thirty Cities warn you,  
Look that your walls be strong." 100

## VII

Then spake the Consul Aulus,  
He spake a bitter jest:

"Once the jays sent a message  
 Unto the eagle's nest:—  
 Now yield thou up thine eyrie 105  
 Unto the carrion-kite,  
 Or come forth valiantly, and face  
 The jays in deadly fight. —  
 Forth looked in wrath the eagle;  
 And carrion-kite and jay, 110  
 Soon as they saw his beak and claw,  
 Fled screaming far away."

## VIII

The Herald of the Latines  
 Hath hied him back in state:  
 The Fathers of the City° 115  
 Are met in high debate.  
 Then spake the elder Consul,  
 An ancient man and wise:  
 "Now hearken, Conscript Fathers,  
 To that which I advise. 120  
 In seasons of great peril  
 'Tis good that one bear sway;  
 Then choose we a Dictator,  
 Whom all men shall obey.  
 Camerium° knows how deeply 125  
 The sword of Aulus bites,  
 And all our city calls him  
 The man of seventy fights.  
 Then let him be Dictator  
 For six months and no more, 130  
 And have a Master of the Knights,  
 And axes° twenty-four."

## IX

So Aulus was Dictator,  
The man of seventy fights;  
He made Æbutius Elva 135  
His Master of the Knights.  
On the third morn thereafter,  
At dawning of the day,  
Did Aulus and Æbutius  
Set forth with their array. 140  
Sempronius Atratinus  
Was left in charge at home,  
With boys, and with gray-headed men,  
To keep the walls of Rome.  
Hard by the Lake Regillus 145  
Our camp was pitched at night:  
Eastward a mile the Latines lay,  
Under the Porcian height.  
Far over hill and valley  
Their mighty host was spread; 150  
And with their thousand watch-fires  
The midnight sky was red.

## X

Up rose the golden morning  
Over the Porcian height,  
The proud Ides of Quintilis 155  
Marked evermore with white.  
Not without secret trouble  
Our bravest saw the foes;  
For girt by threescore thousand spears,  
The thirty standards rose. 160  
From every warlike city  
That boasts the Latian name,

Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,  
 That gallant army came ;  
 From Setia's° purple vineyards, 165  
 From Norba's° ancient wall,  
 From the white streets of Tusculum,  
 The proudest town of all ;  
 From where the Witch's Fortress°  
 O'erhangs the dark-blue seas ; 170  
 From the still glassy lake that sleeps  
 Beneath Aricia's° trees —  
 Those trees in whose dim shadow  
 The ghastly priest° doth reign,  
 The priest who slew the slayer, 175  
 And shall himself be slain ;  
 From the drear banks of Ufens°,  
 Where flights of marsh-fowl play,  
 And buffaloes lie wallowing  
 Through the hot summer's day ; 180  
 From the gigantic watch-towers,  
 No work of earthly men,  
 Whence Cora's° sentinels o'erlook  
 The never-ending fen ;  
 From the Laurentian° jungle, 185  
 The wild hog's reedy home ;  
 From the green steeps whence Anio° leaps  
 In floods of snow-white foam.

## XI

Aricia, Cora, Norba,  
 Velitræ°, with the might 190  
 Of Setia and of Tusculum,  
 Were marshalled on the right :



The leader was Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name;  
Upon his head a helmet  
Of red gold shone like flame; 195  
High on a gallant charger  
Of dark-gray hue he rode;  
Over his gilded armor  
A vest of purple flowed, 200  
Woven in the land of sunrise  
By Syria's dark-browed daughters,  
And by the sails of Carthage brought  
Far o'er the southern waters.

## XII

Lavinium° and Laurentum 205  
Had on the left their post,  
With all the banners of the marsh,  
And banners of the coast.  
Their leader was false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame: 210  
With restless pace and haggard face  
To his last field he came.  
Men said he saw strange visions  
Which none beside might see,  
And that strange sounds were in his ears 215  
Which none might hear but he.  
A woman fair and stately,  
But pale as are the dead,  
Oft through the watches of the night  
Sat spinning by his bed. 220  
And as she plied the distaff,  
In a sweet voice and low

She sang of great old houses,  
 And fights fought long ago.  
 So spun she, and so sang she, 225  
 Until the east was gray.  
 Then pointed to her bleeding breast,  
 And shrieked, and fled away°.

## XIII

But in the centre thickest  
 Were ranged the shields of foes, 230  
 And from the centre loudest  
 The cry of battle rose.  
 There Tibur° marched and Pedum°  
 Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,  
 And Ferentinum° of the rock, 235  
 And Gabii of the pool.  
 There rode the Volscian° succors :  
 There, in a dark stern ring,  
 The Roman exiles gathered close  
 Around the ancient king. 240  
 Though white as Mount Soracte,  
 When winter nights are long,  
 His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt,  
 His heart and hand were strong :  
 Under his hoary eyebrows 245  
 Still flashed forth quenchless rage :  
 And, if the lance shook in his gripe,  
 'Twas more with hate than age.  
 Close at his side was Titus  
 On an Apulian° steed, 250  
 Titus, the youngest Tarquin,  
 Too good for such a breed.

## XIV

Now on each side the leaders  
Give signal for the charge;  
And on each side the footmen 255  
Strode on with lance and targe;  
And on each side the horsemen  
Struck their spurs deep in gore,  
And front to front the armies  
Met with a mighty roar : 260  
And under that great battle  
The earth with blood was red ;  
And, like the Pomptine° fog at morn,  
The dust hung overhead ;  
And louder still and louder 265  
Rose from the darkened field  
The braying of the war-horns,  
The clang of sword and shield,  
The rush of squadrons sweeping  
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain, 270  
The shouting of the slayers,  
And screeching of the slain.

## XV

False Sextus rode out foremost,  
His look was high and bold ;  
His corslet was of bison's hide, 275  
Plated with steel and gold.  
As glares the famished eagle  
From the Digentian° rock  
On a choice lamb that bounds alone  
Before Bandusia's° flock, 280

Herminius glared on Sextus,  
 And came with eagle speed,  
 Herminius on black Auster,  
 Brave champion on brave steed;  
 In his right hand the broadsword 285  
 That kept the bridge so well,  
 And on his helm the crown he won  
 When proud Fidenæ° fell.  
 Woe to the maid whose lover  
 Shall cross his path to-day! 290  
 False Sextus saw, and trembled,  
 And turned and fled away.  
 As turns, as flies the woodman  
 In the Calabrian brake,  
 When through the reeds gleams the round eye  
 Of that fell speckled snake; 296  
 So turned, so fled, false Sextus,  
 And hid him in the rear,  
 Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,  
 Bristling with crest and spear°. 300

## XVI

But far to north Æbutius,  
 The Master of the Knights,  
 Gave Tubero of Norba  
 To feed the Porcian kites.  
 Next under those red horse-hoofs 305  
 Flaccus of Setia lay;  
 Better had he been pruning  
 Among his elms that day.  
 Mamilius saw the slaughter,  
 And tossed his golden crest, 310

And towards the Master of the Knights  
Through the thick battle pressed.  
Æbutius smote Mamilius  
So fiercely on the shield  
That the great lord of Tusculum 315  
Well nigh rolled on the field.  
Mamilius smote Æbutius,  
With a good aim and true,  
Just where the neck and shoulder join  
And pierced him through and through; 320  
And brave Æbutius Elva  
Fell swooning to the ground:  
But a thick wall of bucklers  
Encompassed him around.  
His clients from the battle 325  
Bare him some little space,  
And filled a helm from the dark lake,  
And bathed his brow and face;  
And when at last he opened  
His swimming eyes to light, 330  
Men say, the earliest word he spake  
Was, "Friends, how goes the fight?"

## XVII

But meanwhile in the centre  
Great deeds of arms were wrought;  
There Aulus the Dictator 335  
And there Valerius fought.  
Aulus with his good broadsword  
A bloody passage cleared  
To where, amidst the thickest foes,  
He saw the long white beard. 340

Flat lighted that good broadsword  
Upon proud Tarquin's head.  
He dropped the lance: he dropped the reins:  
He fell as fall the dead.  
Down Aulus springs to slay him, 345  
With eyes like coals of fire;  
But faster Titus hath sprung down,  
And hath bestrode his sire.  
Latian captains, Roman knights,  
Fast down to earth they spring, 350  
And hand to hand they fight on foot  
Around the ancient king.  
First Titus gave tall Cæso  
A death-wound in the face;  
Tall Cæso was the bravest man 355  
Of the brave Fabian race:  
Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,  
The priest of Juno's shrine;  
Valerius smote down Julius,  
Of Rome's great Julian line; 360  
Julius, who left his mansion  
High on the Velian<sup>o</sup> hill,  
And through all turns of weal and woe  
Followed proud Tarquin still.  
Now right across proud Tarquin 365  
A corpse was Julius laid;  
And Titus groaned with rage and grief,  
And at Valerius made.  
Valerius struck at Titus,  
And lopped off half his crest; 370  
But Titus stabbed Valerius  
A span deep in the breast.  
Like a mast snapped by the tempest,  
Valerius reeled and fell.

Ah! woe is me for the good house  
That loves the people well !  
Then shouted loud the Latines ;  
And with one rush they bore  
The struggling Romans backward  
Three lances' length and more :  
And up they took proud Tarquin,  
And laid him on a shield,  
And four strong yeomen bare him,  
Still senseless from the field.

## XVIII

But fiercer grew the fighting  
Around Valerius dead ;  
For Titus dragged him by the foot,  
And Aulus by the head.  
"On, Latines, on!" quoth Titus,  
"See how the rebels fly!"  
"Romans, stand firm!" quoth Aulus,  
"And win this fight, or die!"  
They must not give Valerius  
To raven and to kite;  
For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,  
And aye upheld the right;  
And for your wives and babies  
In the front rank he fell.  
Now play the men for the good house  
That loves the people well!"

## XIX

Then tenfold round the body  
The roar of battle rose,

Like the roar of a burning forest,  
When a strong north wind blows.  
Now backward, and now forward, 405  
Rocked furiously the fray,  
Till none could see Valerius,  
And none wist where he lay.  
For shivered arms and ensigns  
Were heaped there in a mound, 410  
And corpses stiff, and dying men  
That writhed and gnawed the ground;  
And wounded horses kicking,  
And snorting purple foam :  
Right well did such a couch befit 415  
A Consular of Rome.

## XX

But north looked the Dictator;  
North looked he long and hard ;  
And spake to Caius Cossus,  
The Captain of his Guard ; 420  
“ Caius, of all the Romans  
Thou hast the keenest sight;  
Say, what through yonder storm of dust  
Comes from the Latian right ? ”

## XXI

Then answered Caius Cossus. 425  
“ I see an evil sight;  
The banner of proud Tusculum  
Comes from the Latian right ;



I see the pluméd horsemen ;  
And far before the rest 430  
I see the dark-gray charger,  
I see the purple vest ;  
I see the golden helmet  
That shines far off like flame ;  
So ever rides Mamilius, 435  
Prince of the Latian name."

## XXII

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus :  
Spring on thy horse's back ;  
Ride as the wolves of Apennine  
Were all upon thy track ; 440  
Haste to our southward battle :  
And never draw thy rein  
Until thou find Herminius,  
And bid him come amain."

## XXIII

So Aulus spake, and turned him 445  
Again to that fierce strife ;  
And Caius Cossus mounted,  
And rode for death and life.  
Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs  
The helmets of the dead, 450  
And many a curdling pool of blood  
Splashed him from heel to head.  
So came he far to southward,  
Where fought the Roman host,

Against the banners of the marsh  
And banners of the coast. 455  
Like corn before the sickle  
The stout Lavinians fell,  
Beneath the edge of the true sword  
That kept the bridge so well. 460

## XXIV

“Herminius ! Aulus greets thee ;  
He bids thee come with speed,  
To help our central battle,  
For sore is there our need ;  
There wars the youngest Tarquin, 465  
And there the Crest of Flame,  
The Tusculan Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name.  
Valerius hath fallen fighting  
In front of our array : 470  
And Aulus of the seventy fields  
Alone upholds the day.”

## XXV

Herminius beat his bosom :  
But never a word he spake.  
He clasped his hand on Auster's mane : 475  
He gave the reins a shake,  
Away, away, went Auster,  
Like an arrow from the bow :  
Black Auster was the fleetest steed  
From Aufidus° to Po. 480

## XXVI

Right glad were all the Romans  
Who, in that hour of dread,  
Against great odds bare up the war  
Around Valerius dead,  
When from the south the cheering 485  
Rose with a mighty swell;  
“Herminius comes, Herminius,  
Who kept the bridge so well!”

## XXVII

Mamilius spied Herminius,  
And dashed across the way. 490  
“Herminius! I have sought thee  
Through many a bloody day.  
One of us two, Herminius,  
Shall never more go home.  
I will lay on for Tusculum, 495  
And lay thou on for Rome!”

## XXVIII

All round them paused the battle,  
While met in mortal fray  
The Roman and the Tusculan,  
The horses black and gray. 500  
Herminius smote Mamilius  
Through breast-plate and through breast;  
And fast flowed out the purple blood  
Over the purple vest.

Mamilius smote Herminius 505  
     Through head-piece and through head,  
 And side by side those chiefs of pride  
     Together fell down dead.  
 Down fell they dead together  
     In a great lake of gore; 510  
 And still stood all who saw them fall  
     While men might count a score.

## XXIX

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,  
     The dark-gray charger fled:  
 He burst through ranks of fighting men, 515  
     He sprang o'er heaps of dead.  
 His bridle far out-streaming,  
     His flanks all blood and foam,  
 He sought the southern mountains,  
     The mountains of his home. 520  
 The pass was steep and rugged,  
     The wolves they howled and whined;  
 But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,  
     And he left the wolves behind.  
 Through many a startled hamlet 525  
     Thundered his flying feet;  
 He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,  
     He rushed up the long white street;  
 He rushed by tower and temple,  
     And paused not from his race 530  
 Till he stood before his master's door  
     In the stately market-place.  
 And straightway round him gathered  
     A pale and trembling crowd,

And when they knew him, cries of rage      535  
    Brake forth, and wailing loud :  
And women rent their tresses  
    For their great prince's fall ;  
And old men girt on their old swords,  
    And went to man the wall.      540

## XXX

But, like a graven image,  
    Black Auster kept his place,  
And ever wistfully he looked  
    Into his master's face.  
The raven-mane that daily,      545  
    With pats and fond caresses,  
The young Herminia washed and combed,  
    And twined in even tresses,  
And decked with colored ribands  
    From her own gay attire,      550  
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse  
    In carnage and in mire.  
Forth with a shout sprang Titus,  
    And seized black Auster's rein.  
Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,      555  
    And ran at him amain.  
"The furies of thy brother  
    With me and mine abide,  
If one of your accursed house  
    Upon black Auster ride !"      560  
As on an Alpine watch-tower  
    From heaven comes down the flame,  
Full on the neck of Titus  
    The blade of Aulus came :

And out the red blood spouted, 563  
In a wide arch and tall,  
As spouts a fountain in the court  
Of some rich Capuan's hall.  
The knees of all the Latines  
Were loosened with dismay, 570  
When dead, on dead Herminius,  
The bravest Tarquin lay.

## XXXI

And Aulus the Dictator  
Stroked Auster's raven mane,  
With heed he looked unto the girths, 575  
With heed unto the rein.  
"Now bear me well, black Auster,  
Into yon thick array ;  
And thou and I will have revenge  
For thy good lord this day." 580

## XXXII

So spake he ; and was buckling  
Tighter black Auster's band,  
When he was aware of a princely pair  
That rode at his right hand.  
So like they were, no mortal 585  
Might one from other know :  
White as snow their armor was ;  
Their steeds were white as snow.  
Never on earthly anvil  
Did such rare armor gleam ; 590  
And never did such gallant steeds  
Drink of an earthly stream.

## XXXIII

And all who saw them trembled,  
And pale grew every cheek ;  
And Aulus the Dictator 595  
Scarce gathered voice to speak.  
“ Say by what name men call you ?  
What city is your home ?  
And wherefore ride ye in such guise  
Before the ranks of Rome ? ” 600

## XXXIV

“ By many names men call us ;  
In many lands we dwell :  
Well Samothracia° knows us ;  
Cyrene° knows us well.  
Our house in gay Tarentum° 605  
Is hung each morn with flowers :  
High o’er the masts of Syracuse  
Our marble portal towers ;  
But by the proud Eurotas  
Is our dear native home ; 610  
And for the right we come to fight  
Before the ranks of Rome.”

## XXXV

So answered those strange horsemen,  
And each couched low his spear ;  
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome 615  
Were bold, and of good cheer :  
And on the thirty armies  
Came wonder and affright,

And Ardea wavered on the left,  
And Cora on the right. 620  
"Rome to the charge!" cried Aulus;  
"The foe begins to yield!  
Charge for the hearth of Vesta°!  
Charge for the Golden Shield°!  
Let no man stop to plunder, 625  
But slay, and slay, and slay;  
The gods who live for ever  
Are on our side to-day."

## XXXVI

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish  
From earth to heaven arose; 630  
The kites know well the long stern swell  
That bids the Romans close.  
Then the good sword of Aulus  
Was lifted up to slay;  
Then, like a crag down Apennine, 635  
Rushed Auster through the fray.  
But under those strange horsemen  
Still thicker lay the slain;  
And after those strange horses  
Black Auster toiled in vain. 640  
Behind them Rome's long battle  
Came rolling on the foe,  
Ensigns dancing wild above,  
Blades all in line below.  
So comes the Po in flood-time 645  
Upon the Celtic plain:  
So comes the squall, blacker than night,  
Upon the Adrian main.



Now by our sire Quirinus,  
It was a goodly sight 650  
To see the thirty standards  
Swept down the tide of flight.  
So flies the spray of Adria  
When the black squall doth blow,  
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time 655  
Spin down the whirling Po.  
False Sextus to the mountains  
Turned first his horse's head ;  
And fast fled Ferentinum,  
And fast Lanuvium° fled. 660  
The horsemen of Nomentum°  
Spurred hard out of the fray ;  
The footmen of Velitræ  
Threw shield and spear away.  
And underfoot was trampled, 665  
Amidst the mud and gore,  
The banner of proud Tusculum,  
That never stooped before :  
And down went Flavius Faustus,  
Who led his stately ranks 670  
From where the apple blossoms wave  
On Anio's echoing banks,  
And Tullus of Arpinum°,  
Chief of the Volscian aids,  
And Metius with the long fair curls. 675  
The love of Anxur's° maids,  
And the white head of Vulso,  
The great Arician seer,  
And Nepos of Laurentum,  
The hunter of the deer ; 680  
And in the back false Sextus  
Felt the good Roman steel,

And wriggling in the dust he died,  
 Like a worm beneath the wheel:  
 And fliers and pursuers 685  
 Were mingled in a mass;  
 And far away the battle  
 Went roaring through the pass.

## XXXVII

Sempronius Atratinus  
 Sat in the Eastern Gate, 690  
 Beside him were three Fathers,  
 Each in his chair of state;  
 Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons  
 That day were in the field,  
 And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve° 695  
 Who keep the Golden Shield;  
 And Sergius, the High Pontiff,  
 For wisdom far renowned;  
 In all Etruria's colleges°  
 Was no such Pontiff found. 700  
 And all around the portal,  
 And high above the wall,  
 Stood a great throng of people,  
 But sad and silent all;  
 • Young lads, and stooping elders 705  
 That might not bear the mail,  
 Matrons with lips that quivered,  
 And maids with faces pale.  
 Since the first gleam of daylight,  
 Sempronius had not ceased 710  
 To listen for the rushing  
 Of horse-hoofs from the east.

The mist of eve was rising,  
The sun was hastening down,  
When he was aware of a princely pair 715  
Fast pricking towards the town.  
So like they were, man never  
Saw twins so like before ;  
Red with gore their armor was,  
Their steeds were red with gore. 720

## XXXVIII

“Hail to the great Asylum°!  
Hail to the hill-tops seven!  
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,  
And the shield that fell from heaven!  
This day, by Lake Regilius, 725  
Under the Porcian height,  
All in the lands of Tusculum  
Was fought a glorious fight.  
To-morrow your Dictator 730  
Shall bring in triumph home  
The spoils of thirty cities  
To deck the shrines of Rome!”

## XXXIX

Then burst from that great concourse  
A shout that shook the towers,  
And some ran north, and some ran south, 735  
Crying, “The day is ours!”  
But on rode these strange horsemen,  
With slow and lordly pace ;  
And none who saw their bearing  
Durst ask their name or race. 740

On rode they to the Forum,  
 While laurel-boughs and flowers,  
 From house-tops and from windows,  
 Fell on their crests in showers.  
 When they drew nigh to Vesta, 745  
 They vaulted down amain,  
 And washed their horses in the well  
 That springs by Vesta's fane.  
 And straight again they mounted,  
 And rode to Vesta's door; 750  
 Then, like a blast, away they passed,  
 And no man saw them more.

## XL

And all the people trembled,  
 And pale grew every cheek;  
 And Sergius the High Pontiff 755  
 Alone found voice to speak:  
 "The gods who live for ever  
 Have fought for Rome to-day!  
 These be the Great Twin Brethren  
 To whom the Dorians pray. 760  
 Back comes the Chief in triumph,  
 Who, in the hour of fight,  
 Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren  
 In harness on his right.  
 Safe comes the ship to haven, 765  
 Through billows and through gales,  
 If once the Great Twin Brethren  
 Sit shining on the sails.  
 Wherefore they washed their horses  
 In Vesta's holy well, 770

Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,  
I know, but may not tell.  
Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,  
Build we a stately dome  
Unto the Great Twin Brethren 775  
Who fought so well for Rome.  
And when the months returning  
Bring back this day of fight,  
The proud Ides of Quintilis,  
Marked evermore with white, 780  
Unto the Great Twin Brethren  
Let all the people throng,  
With chaplets and with offerings,  
With music and with song;  
And let the doors and windows 785  
Be hung with garlands all,  
And let the Knights be summoned  
To Mars without the wall:  
Thence let them ride in purple  
With joyous trumpet-sound, 790  
Each mounted on his war-horse,  
And each with olive crowned;  
And pass in solemn order  
Before the sacred dome,  
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren 795  
Who fought so well for Rome!"

## VIRGINIA

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON  
LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATERANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS  
CALVUS STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES OF THE COMMONS THE  
FIFTH TIME, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLXXXII

YE good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,  
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by  
you,

Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with  
care,

A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet  
may bear.

This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine°, 5  
Of maids with snaky tresses°, or sailors turned to swine°.  
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,  
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.  
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,  
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten°  
bare sway. 10

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,  
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the  
worst.

He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his  
pride:

Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;  
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance  
with fear 15

His lowering brow, his curling mouth which always  
seemed to sneer:  
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the  
kindred still;  
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the  
Commons ill;  
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for, close behind his  
heels,  
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client<sup>o</sup>  
Marcus steals,  
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand  
what it may,  
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his  
lord may say.  
Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying  
Greeks:  
Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius<sup>o</sup>  
speaks.  
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will  
crowd;  
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is  
loud;  
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike  
ye see;  
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still  
will be.  
Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black  
stormy sky  
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl  
came by.  
With her small tablets<sup>o</sup> in her hand, and her satchel  
on her arm,  
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed  
of shame or harm;

And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,  
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush  
at gaze of man ;  
And up the Sacred Street° she turned, and, as she  
danced along, 35  
She warbled gayly to herself lines of the good old song,  
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the  
camp,  
And found Lucrece°, combing the fleece, under the  
midnight lamp.  
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts  
his flight,  
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the  
morning light ; 40  
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw  
her sweet young face,  
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed  
race,  
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,  
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing  
feet.

Over the Alban° mountains the light of morning  
broke ; 45  
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills° curled the thin  
wreaths of smoke :  
The city-gates were opened ; the Forum all alive,  
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive :  
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke  
was ringing,  
And blithely o'er her panniers the market girl was  
singing, 50  
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her  
home .



Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!

With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,

Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay, 55  
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,

When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when erewhile

He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile:

He came with lowering forehead, swollen features and clenched fist,

And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist. 60

Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast;

And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast.

The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,  
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,

And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand, 65

And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.

All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;

And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled;

And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,  
The Caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go. 70

Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh,  
fell tone,

"She's mine; and I will have her: I seek but for mine  
own.

She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and  
sold,

The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours  
old.

'Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and  
fright,

Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul died<sup>75</sup>  
ere night.

I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:  
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's  
ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence  
came

On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian  
name.

For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of  
might,

Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor  
man's right.

There was no brave Licinius°, no honest Sextius° then;  
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.

Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,<sup>85</sup>  
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed and  
shrieked for aid,

Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius°  
pressed,

And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon  
his breast,

And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,

Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords,  
are hung,  
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear <sup>90</sup>  
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants  
quake to hear.

“Now, by your children’s cradles, now by your fathers’  
graves,  
Be men to-day, Quirites°, or be for ever slaves!  
For this did Servius° give us laws? For this did Lucrece  
bleed?  
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin’s <sup>95</sup>  
evil seed?  
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their  
sire°?  
For this did Scævola’s° right hand hiss in the Tuscan  
fire?  
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the  
lion’s den?  
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the  
wicked Ten? <sup>100</sup>  
Oh, for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate’s  
will!  
Oh, for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred  
Hill°!  
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;  
They faced the Marcian° fury; they tamed the Fabian  
pride:  
They drove the fiercest Quinctius° an outcast forth from  
Rome;  
They sent the haughtiest Claudius° with shivered fasces <sup>105</sup>  
home.  
But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung  
away:

All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.

Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.

We strove for honors — 'twas in vain; for freedom — 'tis no more. 110

No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;  
No tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong.

Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.

Riches, and lands, and power, and state — ye have them: — keep them still.

Still keep the holy fillets°; still keep the purple gown, 115  
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:  
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,

Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won.

Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not cure,

Let your foul usance° eat away the substance of the poor.  
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;  
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore; 122  
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;  
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born feet.

Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;  
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate. 126  
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the gods above,  
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!  
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs  
From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings?

Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender  
feet,  
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the  
wondering street,  
Who in Corinthian mirrors° their own proud smiles behold,  
And breathe of Capuan° odors, and shine with Spanish  
gold ?  
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life — 135  
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of  
wife,  
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul  
endures,  
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as  
yours.  
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast  
with pride;  
Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted  
bride. 140  
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,  
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's  
blood to flame,  
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,  
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the  
wretched dare."

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space  
aside, 145  
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn  
and hide,  
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,  
Leaps down to the great sewer° the gurgling stream of  
blood.  
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;  
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown. 150

And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to  
swell,  
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell,  
sweet child! Farewell!  
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I some-  
times be,  
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so  
to thee?  
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to  
hear  
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last  
year!  
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,  
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me  
forth my gown!  
Now, all those things are over — yes, all thy pretty ways,  
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays; <sup>160</sup>  
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I  
return,  
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.  
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,  
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble  
halls,  
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal  
gloom, <sup>165</sup>  
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.  
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand  
this way!  
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon  
the prey!  
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed,  
bereft,  
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge  
left.

He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can  
save

Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of  
the slave;

Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and  
blow —

Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt  
never know.

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me  
one more kiss;

And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but  
this.” 175

With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side.  
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob  
she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;  
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of  
death;

180

And in another moment brake forth from one and all

A cry as if the Volscians<sup>o</sup> were coming o'er the wall.

Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;

Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain;

Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be  
found;

185

And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch  
the wound.

In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd; for never truer  
blow

That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian  
foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered  
and sank down,

And hid his face some little space with the corner of his  
gown,<sup>190</sup>  
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered  
nigh,  
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife  
on high.  
“Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,  
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us  
twain;  
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and  
mine,<sup>195</sup>  
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!”  
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his  
way;  
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body  
lay,  
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with  
steadfast feet,  
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred  
Street.<sup>200</sup>

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: “Stop him; alive or  
dead!  
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings  
his head.”  
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will.  
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood  
still.  
And as Virginius through the press his way in silence  
cleft,<sup>205</sup>  
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.  
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,  
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are  
done in Rome.



By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,  
And streets and porches round were filled with that  
o'erflowing tide; 210  
And close around the body gathered a little train  
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.  
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress  
crown,  
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.  
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and  
sneer, 215  
And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rab-  
ble here?  
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward  
they stray?  
Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse  
away!"  
The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;  
But a deep, sullen murmur wandered among the crowd. 220  
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind  
on the deep,  
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half-aroused from  
sleep.  
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and  
strong,  
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into  
the throng,  
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of  
sin, 225  
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.  
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,  
Were heard beyond the Pincian° Hill, beyond the Latin  
Gate°.  
But close around the body, where stood the little train  
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain, 230

No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and  
black frowns,  
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.  
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the  
maiden lay,  
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb  
that day.  
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming  
from their heads, 235  
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.  
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left  
his cheek,  
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he  
strove to speak;  
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell:  
"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy  
shame in hell! 240  
Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first  
make slaves of men.  
Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked  
Ten!"  
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing  
through the air,  
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule  
chair:  
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling  
came, 245  
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but  
shame.  
Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them  
right,  
That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well  
in fight.  
Still Caius of Corioli<sup>o</sup>, his triumphs and his wrongs,

His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire  
songs. 250

Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan  
bowed;

And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is  
proud.

But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,  
And changes color like a maid at sight of sword and  
shield.

The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city  
towers; 255

The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks but  
ours.

A Cossus, like a wild-cat, springs ever at the face;  
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase;  
But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite,  
Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from  
those who smite. 260

So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,  
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote  
upon his thigh.

"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!  
Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the nearest  
way!"

While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered  
stare, 265

Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule  
chair;

And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the  
right,

Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins  
girt up for fight.

But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was  
the throng,

That scarce the train with might and main could bring  
their lord along. 270

Twelve times the crowd made at him; five times they  
seized his gown;

Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him  
down:

And sharper came the pelting; and evermore the  
yell—

“Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!”—rose with a  
louder swell:

And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered  
sail 275

When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,  
When the Calabrian° sea-marks are lost in clouds of  
spume,

And the great Thunder-Cape° has donned his veil of inky  
gloom.

One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the  
ear;

And ere he reached Mount Palatine°, he swooned with  
pain and fear. 280

His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with  
pride,

Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed  
from side to side;

And when his stout retainers had brought him to his  
door,

His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted  
gore.

As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson  
be! 285

God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there  
to see!

## THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

A LAY SUNG AT THE BANQUET IN THE CAPITOL, ON THE DAY  
WHEREON MANIUS CURIUS DENTATUS, A SECOND TIME  
CONSUL TRIUMPHED OVER KING PYRRHUS AND THE TAR-  
ENTINES, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLXXIX

### I

Now slain is King Amulius°,  
Of the great Sylvian line,  
Who reigned in Alba Longa,  
On the throne of Aventine°.  
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,  
Who spake the words of doom: 5  
“The children to the Tiber,  
The mother to the tomb.”

### II

In Alba's lake no fisher  
His net to-day is flinging: 10  
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks  
To-day no axe is ringing;  
The yoke hangs o'er the manger,  
The scythe lies in the hay:  
Through all the Alban villages 15  
No work is done to-day.

## III

And every Alban burgher  
 Hath donned his whitest gown;  
 And every head in Alba  
 Weareth a poplar crown;  
 And every Alban door-post  
 With boughs and flowers is gay;  
 For to-day the dead are living,  
 The lost are found to-day.

20

## IV

They were doomed by a bloody king,  
 They were doomed by a lying priest,  
 They were cast on the raging flood,  
 They were tracked by the raging beast;  
 Raging beast and raging flood  
 Alike have spared the prey:  
 And to-day the dead are living,  
 The lost are found to-day.

25

30

## V

The troubled river knew them,  
 And smoothed his yellow foam,  
 And gently rocked the cradle  
 That bore the fate of Rome.  
 The ravening she-wolf knew them,  
 And licked them o'er and o'er,  
 And gave them of her own fierce milk,  
 Rich with raw flesh and gore.  
 Twenty winters, twenty springs,  
 Since then have rolled away;

35

40

And to-day the dead are living:  
The lost are found to-day.

## VI

Blithe it was to see the twins, 45  
Right goodly youths and tall,  
Marching from Alba Longa  
To their old grandsire's hall.  
Along their path fresh garlands  
Are hung from tree to tree: 50  
Before them stride the pipers,  
Piping a note of glee.

## VII

On the right goes Romulus,  
With arms to the elbows red,  
And in his hand a broadsword, 55  
And on the blade a head —  
A head in an iron helmet,  
With horse-hair hanging down,  
A shaggy head, a swarthy head,  
Fixed in a ghastly frown — 60  
The head of King Amulius  
Of the great Sylvian line,  
Who reigned in Alba Longa,  
On the throne of Aventine.

## VIII

On the left side goes Remus, 65  
With wrists and fingers red,

And in his hand a boar-spear,  
 And on the point a head —  
 A wrinkled head and aged,  
 With silver beard and hair,  
 And holy fillets round it,  
 Such as the pontiffs wear —  
 The head of ancient Camers,  
 Who spake the words of doom :  
 " The children to the Tiber,  
 The mother to the tomb."

70

75

## IX

Two and two behind the twins  
 Their trusty comrades go,  
 Four-and-forty valiant men,  
 With club, and axe, and bow.  
 On each side every hamlet  
 Pours forth its joyous crowd,  
 Shouting lads and baying dogs,  
 And children laughing loud,  
 And old men weeping fondly  
 As Rhea's° boys go by,  
 And maids who shriek to see the heads,  
 Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

80

85

## X

So they marched along the lake;  
 They marched by fold and stall,  
 By corn-field and by vineyard,  
 Unto the old man's hall.

90



## XI

In the hall-gate sat Capys°,  
Capys, the sightless seer;  
From head to foot he trembled 95  
As Romulus drew near.  
And up stood stiff his thin white hair,  
And his blind eyes flashed fire:  
“Hail! foster child of the wondrous nurse!  
Hail! son of the wondrous sire! 100

## XII

“But thou — what dost thou here  
In the old man’s peaceful hall?  
What doth the eagle in the coop,  
The bison in the stall?  
Our corn fills many a garner; 105  
Our vines clasp many a tree;  
Our flocks are white on many a hill;  
But these are not for thee.

## XIII

“For thee no treasure ripens  
In the Tartessian mine°; a 110  
For thee no ship brings precious bales  
Across the Libyan° brine;  
Thou shalt not drink from amber;  
Thou shalt not rest on down;  
Arabia shall not steep thy locks°, 115  
Nor Sidon tinge thy gown°.

## XIV

“Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,  
Rich table and soft bed,  
To them who of man's seed are born,  
Whom woman's milk has fed. 125  
Thou wast not made for lucre,  
For pleasure nor for rest;  
Thou that art sprung from the War-god's loins,  
And hast tugged at the she-wolf's breast

## XV

“From sunrise unto sunset 125  
All earth shall hear thy fame:  
A glorious city thou shalt build,  
And name it by thy name:  
And there, unquenched through ages,  
Like Vesta's sacred fire, 130  
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,  
The spirit of thy sire.

## XVI

“The ox toils through the furrow,  
Obedient to the goad;  
The patient ass, up flinty paths, 135  
Plods with his weary load;  
With whine and bound the spaniel  
His master's whistle hears;  
And the sheep yields her patiently  
To the loud clashing shears. 140

## XVII

“But thy nurse will hear no master;  
Thy nurse will bear no load;  
And woe to them that shear her,  
And woe to them that goad!  
When all the pack, loud baying,  
Her bloody lair surrounds,  
She dies in silence, biting hard,  
Amidst the dying hounds.

145

## XVIII

“Pomona° loves the orchard;  
And Liber° loves the vine;  
And Pales° loves the straw-built shed  
Warm with the breath of kine;  
And Venus loves the whispers  
Of plighted youth and maid,  
In April’s ivory moonlight  
Beneath the chestnut shade.

150

155

## XIX

“But thy father loves the clashing  
Of broadsword and of shield:  
He loves to drink the stream that reeks  
From the fresh battle-field:  
He smiles a smile more dreadful  
Than his own dreadful frown,  
When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke  
Go up from the conquered town.

160

## XX

"And such as is the War-god, 165  
     The author of thy line,  
 And such as she who suckled thee, *nurse*  
     Even such be thou and thine.  
 Leave to the soft Campanian  
     His baths and his perfumes;  
 Leave to the sordid race of Tyre° *mercenary* 170  
     Their dyeing-vats and looms;  
 Leave to the sons of Carthage  
     The rudder and the oar;  
 Leave to the Greek his marble Nymphs 175  
     And scrolls of wordy lore°.

## XXI

"Thine, Roman, is the pilum°:  
     Roman, the sword is thine,  
 The even trench, the bristling mound,  
     The legion's ordered line; 180  
 And thine the wheels of triumph,  
     Which, with their laurelled train,  
 Move slowly up the shouting streets  
     To Jove's eternal fane.

## XXII

"Beneath thy yoke the Volscian° 185  
     Shall vail his lofty brow:  
 Soft Capua's° curled revellers  
     Before thy chairs shall bow:

The Lucumoes of Arnus°  
Shall quake thy rods to see;  
And the proud Samnite's° heart of steel  
Shall yield to only thee.

190

## XXIII

“The Gaul shall come against thee  
From the land of snow and night:  
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies  
To the raven and the kite.

195

## XXIV

“The Greek shall come against thee,  
The conqueror of the East.  
Beside him stalks to battle  
The huge earth-shaking beast°,  
The beast on whom the castle  
With all its guards doth stand,  
The beast who hath between his eyes  
The serpent for a hand.  
First march the bold Epirotes°,  
Wedged close with shield and spear;  
And the ranks of false Tarentum°  
Are glittering in the rear.

200

205

## XXV

“The ranks of false Tarentum  
Like hunted sheep shall fly:  
In vain the bold Epirotes  
Shall round their standards die:

213

And Apennine's gray vultures  
Shall have a noble feast  
On the fat and the eyes  
Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

215

## XXVI

"Hurrah! for the good weapons  
That keep the War-god's land.  
Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum  
In a stout Roman hand.  
Hurrah! for Rome's short broadsword,  
That through the thick array  
Of levelled spears and serried shields  
Hews deep its gory way.

220

## XXVII

"Hurrah! for the great triumph  
That stretches many a mile.  
Hurrah! for the wan captives  
That pass in endless file.  
Ho! bold Epirotes, whither  
Hath the Red King° ta'en flight?  
Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,  
Is not the gown washed white?

225

230

## XXVIII

"Hurrah! for the great triumph  
That stretches many a mile.  
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,  
And the fine web of Nile,

235

The helmets gay with plumage  
Torn from the pheasant's wings,  
The belts set thick with starry gems  
That shone on Indian kings, 240  
The urns of massy silver,  
The goblets rough with gold,  
The many-colored tablets bright  
With loves and wars of old,  
The stone that breathes and struggles, 245  
The brass that seems to speak ; —  
Such cunning they who dwell on high  
Have given unto the Greek.

## XXIX

“ Hurrah ! for Manius Curius°,  
The bravest son of Rome, 250  
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,  
Thrice drawn in triumph home.  
Weave, weave, for Manius Curius  
The third embroidered gown :  
Make ready the third lofty car, 255  
And twine the third green crown ;  
And yoke the steeds of Rosea°  
With necks like a bended bow,  
And deck the bull, Mevania's bull°,  
The bull as white as snow. 260

## XXX

“ Blest and thrice blest the Roman  
Who sees Rome's brightest day,  
Who sees that long victorious pomp  
Wind down the Sacred Way°,

And through the bellowing Forum  
And round the Suppliant's Grove°,  
Up to the everlasting gates  
Of Capitolian Jove. 265

## XXXI

“Then where, o'er two bright havens,  
The towers of Corinth frown; 270  
Where the gigantic King of Day  
On his own Rhodes looks down°;  
Where soft Orontes° murmurs  
Beneath the laurel shades;  
Where Nile reflects the endless length 275  
Of dark-red colonnades;  
Where in the still deep water,  
Sheltered from waves and blasts,  
Bristles the dusky forest  
Of Byrsa's° thousand masts; 280  
Where fur-clad hunters wander  
Amidst the northern ice;  
Where through the sand of morning-land  
The camel bears the spice;  
Where Atlas flings his shadow 285  
Far o'er the western foam,  
Shall be great fear on all who hear  
The mighty name of Rome.”



## IVRY

### A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories  
are!

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of  
Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleas-  
ant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle°, our own Rochelle, proud city of the  
waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning  
daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy  
walls annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance  
of war,

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre. 14

Oh! how our hearts were beating when, at the dawn of  
day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long  
array;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's° stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish  
spears°.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine°, the curses of our  
land ;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his<sup>15</sup>  
hand :  
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-  
purpled flood,  
And good Coligni's° hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of  
war,  
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Na-  
varre.<sup>20</sup>

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant  
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and  
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to<sup>25</sup>  
wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our  
Lord the King !"

"An if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he  
may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the  
ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme° to-day the helmet of Navarre." <sup>30</sup>

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring  
culverin.

The fiery Duke° is pricking fast across Saint Andre's  
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders<sup>o</sup> and Almayne<sup>o</sup>.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of  
France,  
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the<sup>35</sup>  
lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in  
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-  
white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a  
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of  
Navarre.<sup>40</sup>

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath  
turned his rein.

D'Aumale<sup>o</sup> hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is  
slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay  
gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and  
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our  
van,

“Remember Saint Bartholomew<sup>o</sup>!” was passed from<sup>45</sup>  
man to man.

But out spake gentle Henry, “No Frenchman is my  
foe:

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren  
go.”

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in  
war,

As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of  
Navarre?<sup>50</sup>

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for  
France to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.  
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;  
And the good Lord of Rosny° has ta'en the cornet white.  
Our own true Maximilian° the cornet white hath ta'en, 55  
The cornet white with black, the flag of false Lorraine.  
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may  
know

How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought  
His church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest  
point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of  
Navarre.

60

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall  
return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-  
men's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms  
be bright;

65

Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward  
to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised  
the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the  
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;  
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Na-  
varre.

70

# THE ARMADA

A FRAGMENT

1832

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's  
praise;  
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient  
days,  
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in  
vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of  
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day, ;  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth  
Bay ;  
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's  
isle°,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a  
mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial  
grace ;  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in  
chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the<sup>10</sup>  
wall ;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's° lofty  
hall ;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the  
coast,  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a  
post.  
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff  
comes; 15  
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the  
drums;  
His yeomen round the market cross made clear an ample  
space;  
For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her  
Grace°.  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the  
bells,  
As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon  
swells. 20  
Look how the Lion of the sea° lifts up his ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies  
down.  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed  
Picard° field,  
Bohemia's plume°, and Genoa's bow°, and Cæsar's eagle  
shield°.  
So glared he when at Agincourt° in wrath he turned to  
bay, 25  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely  
hunters lay.  
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight°; ho! scatter  
flowers, fair maids;  
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your  
blades;  
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her  
wide;  
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM°, the banner of our pride. 30

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's  
massy fold ;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll  
of gold ;  
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again  
shall be.  
From Eddystone° to Berwick° bounds, from Lynn° to  
Milford Bay°,  
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;  
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame  
spread,  
High on Saint Michael's Mount° it shone : it shone on  
Beachy Head°.  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern  
shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling  
points of fire.  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's° glittering  
waves ;  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's° sunless  
caves ;  
O'er Longleat's° towers, o'er Cranbourne's° oaks, the fiery  
herald flew :  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge°, the rangers of  
Beaulieu°.  
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from  
Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton°  
down ;  
The sentinel on Whitehall° gate looked forth into the  
night,  
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill° the streak of blood-  
red light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence  
broke, 49  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.  
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;  
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling  
spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice  
of fear;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder  
cheer:  
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurry-  
ing feet, 55  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down  
each roaring street;  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the  
din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring  
in:  
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath° the warlike  
errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires  
of Kent. 60  
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright  
couriers forth;  
High on bleak Hampstead's° swarthy moor they started  
for the north;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded  
still:  
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang  
from hill to hill:  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's° rocky  
dales, 65  
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of  
Wales,



Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's°  
lonely height,  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's° crest  
of light,  
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's° stately  
fane,  
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless  
plain ; 70  
Till Belvoir's° lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln° sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of  
Trent ;  
Till Skiddaw° saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's° em-  
battled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of  
Carlisle°.

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## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

BY OBADIAH-BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-  
WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT

1824

OH! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,  
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all  
red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?  
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye  
tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit, 5  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;  
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the  
strong,  
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,  
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses 10  
shine,  
And the Man of Blood° was there, with his long essenced  
hair,  
And Astley°, and Sir Marmaduke°, and Rupert° of the  
Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword  
The General° rode along us to form us to the fight,

When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a  
shout,  
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right. <sup>15</sup>

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!  
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!  
For Charles King of England and Rupert of the  
Rhine! 20

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his  
drums,  
His bravoës of Alsatia°, and pages of Whitehall°;  
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close  
your ranks;  
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We  
are gone! 25  
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the  
right!  
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the  
last.

Stout Skippon° hath a wound; the centre hath given  
ground:

Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horse-  
men on our rear? 30  
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis  
he, boys,  
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the  
 dykes,  
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst, 35  
 And at a shock have scattered the forest of his  
 pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple  
 Bar ;  
 And he—he turns, he flies :—shame on those cruel  
 eyes  
 That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on  
 war. 40

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the  
 slain,  
 First give another stab to make your search secure,  
 Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces  
 and lockets,  
 The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts  
 were gay and bold, 45  
 When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-  
 day ;  
 And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the  
 rocks,  
 Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and  
 hell and fate,  
 And the fingers that once were so busy with your  
 blades, 50

Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your  
oaths,  
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds° and  
your spades°?

Down, down, forever down with the mitre and the  
crown,  
With the Belial° of the Court and the Mammon° of  
the Pope;  
There is woe in Oxford halls°; there is wail in Durham's  
Stalls°:  
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his<sup>55</sup>  
cope.

And She of the seven hills° shall mourn her children's  
ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's  
sword;  
And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they  
hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses  
and the Word.<sup>60</sup>

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### EPITAPH ON HENRY MARTYN°

1812

HERE Martyn° lies. In Manhood's early bloom  
The Christian Hero finds a Pagan tomb.  
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son,  
Points to the glorious trophies that he won.  
Eternal trophies ! not with carnage red, 5  
Not stained with tears by hapless captives shed,  
But trophies of the Cross ! for that dear name,  
Through every form of danger, death, and shame,  
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,  
Where danger, death, and shame assault no more. 10

### LINES TO THE MEMORY OF PITT°

1813

OH Britain ! dear Isle, when the annals of story  
Shall tell of the deeds that thy children have done,  
When the strains of each poet shall sing of their glory,  
And the triumphs their skill and their valor have won :

When the olive and palm in thy chaplet are blended, 5  
When thy arts, and thy fame, and thy commerce  
increase,  
When thy arms through the uttermost coasts are extended,  
And thy war is triumphant, and happy thy peace;

When the ocean, whose waves like a rampart flow round  
thee,  
Conveying thy mandates to every shore, 10  
And the empire of nature no longer can bound thee,  
And the world be the scene of thy conquests no more:

Remember the man who in sorrow and danger,  
When thy glory was set, and thy spirit was low,  
When thy hopes were o'erturned by the arms of the  
stranger, 15  
And thy banners displayed in the halls of the foe,

Stood forth in the tempest of doubt and disaster,  
Unaided, and single, the danger to brave,  
Asserted thy claims, and the rights of his master,  
Preserved thee to conquer, and saved thee to save. 20

## A RADICAL WAR SONG°

1820

AWAKE, arise, the hour is come,  
For rows and revolutions;  
There's no receipt like pike and drum  
For crazy constitutions.

Close, close the shop! Break, break the loom, 5  
Desert your hearths and furrows,  
And throng in arms to seal the doom  
Of England's rotten boroughs°.

We'll stretch that tort'ring Castlereagh°  
On his own Dublin rack, sir; 10  
We'll drown the King in Eau de vie,  
The Laureate in his sack°, sir.  
Old Eldon° and his sordid hag  
In molten gold we'll smother,  
And stifle in his own green bag, 15  
The Doctor and his brother.

In chains we'll hang in fair Guildhall°  
The City's famed Recorder,  
And next on proud Saint Stephen's° fall,  
Though Wynne° should squeak to order. 20  
In vain our tyrants then shall try  
To 'scape our martial law, sir;  
In vain the trembling Speaker cry  
That "Strangers must withdraw," sir.

Copley° to hang offends no text; 25  
A rat is not a man, sir:  
With schedules, and with tax bills next  
We'll bury pious Van°, sir.  
The slaves who loved the Income Tax°,  
We'll crush by scores, like mites, sir, 30  
And him, the wretch who freed the blacks°,  
And more enslaved the whites, sir.



The peer shall dangle from his gate,  
The bishop from his steeple,  
Till all recanting, own, the State 35  
Means nothing but the People.  
We'll fix the church's revenues  
On Apostolic basis,  
One coat, one scrip, one pair of shoes<sup>c</sup>  
Shall pay their strange grimaces. 40

We'll strap the bar's deluding train  
In their own darling halter,  
And with his big church Bible brain  
The parson at the altar.  
Hail glorious hour, when fair Reform 45  
Shall bless our longing nation,  
And Hunt<sup>o</sup> receive commands to form  
A new administration.

Carlisle<sup>o</sup> shall sit enthroned, where sat  
Our Cranmer<sup>o</sup> and our Secker<sup>o</sup>; 50  
And Watson<sup>o</sup> show his snow-white hat  
In England's rich Exchequer.  
The breast of Thistlewood<sup>o</sup> shall wear  
Our Wellesley's<sup>o</sup> star and sash, man :  
And many a mausoleum fair 55  
Shall rise to honest Cashman<sup>o</sup>.

Then, then beneath the nine-tailed cat  
Shall they who used it writhe, sir ;  
And curates lean, and rectors fat,  
Shall dig the ground they tithe, sir. 60

Down with your Bayleys°, and your Bests°,  
 Your Giffords°, and your Gurneys°:  
 We'll clear the island of the pests,  
 Which mortals name attorneys.

Down with your sheriffs, and your mayors, 65  
 Your registrars, and proctors,  
 We'll live without the lawyer's cares,  
 And die without the doctor's.  
 No discontented fair shall pout  
 To see her spouse so stupid; 70  
 We'll tread the torch of Hymen° out,  
 And live content with Cupid°.

Then, when the high-born and the great  
 Are humbled to our level,  
 On all the wealth of Church and State, 75  
 Like aldermen, we'll revel.  
 We'll live when hushed the battle's din,  
 In smoking and in cards, sir,  
 In drinking unexcised° gin,  
 And wooing fair Poissardes°, sir. 80

## THE BATTLE OF MONCONTOUR

1824

OH, weep for Moncontour°! Oh! weep for the hour,  
 When the children of darkness and evil had power,  
 When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod  
 On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God.

Oh, weep for Moncontour! Oh! weep for the slain, 5  
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain;  
Oh, weep for the living, who linger to bear  
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair.

One look, one last look, to our cots and our towers,  
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers, 10  
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,  
Where we fondly had dreamed that our own would be  
laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,  
To the spearmen of Uri<sup>o</sup>, the shavelings of Rome,  
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain, 15  
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,  
To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids,  
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,  
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees. 20

Farewell, and for ever. The priest and the slave  
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave.  
Our hearths we abandon; our lands we resign;  
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

## SERMON IN A CHURCHYARD

1825

LET pious Damon take his seat,  
With mincing step and languid smile,  
And scatter from his 'kerchief sweet,  
Sabæan odors o'er the aisle;  
And spread his little jewelled hand,  
And smile round all the parish beauties,  
And pat his curls, and smooth his band,  
Meet prelude to his saintly duties.

Let the thronged audience press and stare,  
Let stifled maidens ply the fan,  
Admire his doctrines, and his hair,  
And whisper, "What a good young man!"  
While he explains what seems most clear,  
So clearly that it seems perplexed,  
I'll stay and read my sermon here;  
And skulls, and bones, shall be the text.

Art thou the jilted dupe of fame?  
Dost thou with jealous anger pine  
Whene'er she sounds some other name,  
With fonder emphasis than thine?  
To thee I preach; draw near; attend!  
Look on these bones, thou fool, and see  
Where all her scorns and favors end,  
What Byron is, and thou must be.



What matters it to him who fights  
For shows of unsubstantial good,  
Whether his Kings, and Queens, and Knights, 55  
Be things of flesh, or things of wood ?

We check, and take; exult, and fret;  
Our plans extend, our passions rise,  
Till in our ardor we forget  
How worthless is the victor's prize. 60  
Soon fades the spell, soon comes the night:  
Say will it not be then the same,  
Whether we played the black or white,  
Whether we lost or won the game ?

Dost thou among these hillocks stray, 55  
O'er some dear idol's tomb to moan ?  
Know that thy foot is on the clay  
Of hearts once wretched as thy own.  
How many a father's anxious schemes,  
How many rapturous thoughts of lovers, 70  
How many a mother's cherished dreams,  
The swelling turf before thee covers !

Here for the living, and the dead,  
The weepers and the friends they weep,  
Hath been ordained the same cold bed, 75  
The same dark night, the same long sleep;  
Why shouldest thou writhe, and sob, and rave  
O'er those with whom thou soon must be ?  
Death his own sting shall cure — the grave  
Shall vanquish its own victory. 80

Here learn that all the griefs and joys,  
Which now torment, which now beguile,  
Are children's hurts, and children's toys,  
Scarce worthy of one bitter smile.  
Here learn that pulpit, throne, and press, 85  
Sword, sceptre, lyre, alike are frail,  
That science is a blind man's guess,  
And History a nurse's tale.

Here learn that glory and disgrace,  
Wisdom and folly, pass away, 90  
That mirth hath its appointed space,  
That sorrow is but for a day;  
That all we love, and all we hate,  
That all we hope, and all we fear,  
Each mood of mind, each turn of fate, 95  
Must end in dust and silence here.

TRANSLATION FROM A. V. ARNAULT<sup>c</sup>

## FABLES : LIVRE V. FABLE 16

1826

“THOU poor leaf, so sear and frail,  
Sport of every wanton gale,  
Whence, and whither, dost thou fly,  
Through this bleak autumnal sky?”  
“On a noble oak I grew, 5  
Green, and broad, and fair to view;  
But the Monarch of the shade  
By the tempest low was laid.

From that time, I wander o'er  
 Wood, and valley, hill, and moor, 10  
 Whereso'er the wind is blowing,  
 Nothing caring, nothing knowing:  
 Thither go I, whither goes,  
 Glory's laurel, Beauty's rose."

—— De ta tige détachée, 15  
 Pauvre feuille desséchée  
 Où vas-tu ? — Je n'en sais rien.  
 L'orage a frappé le chêne  
 Qui seul était mon soutien.  
 De son inconstante haleine, 20  
 Le zéphyr ou l'aquilon  
 De puis ce jour me promène  
 De la forêt à la plaine,  
 De la montagne au vallon.  
 Je vais où vent me mène 25  
 Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer,  
 Je vais où va toute chose  
 Où va la feuille de rose  
 Et la feuille de laurier.

## DIES IRÆ°

1826

ON that great, that awful day,  
 This vain world shall pass away.  
 Thus the sibyl° sang of old,  
 Thus hath holy David told.



There shall be a deadly fear 5  
When the Avenger shall appear,  
And unveiled before his eye  
All the works of man shall lie.  
Hark! to the great trumpet's tones  
Pealing o'er the place of bones: 10  
Hark! it waketh from their bed  
All the nations of the dead, —  
In a countless throng to meet,  
At the eternal judgment seat.  
Nature sickens with dismay, 15  
Death may not retain its prey;  
And before the Maker stand  
All the creatures of his hand.  
The great book shall be unfurled,  
Whereby God shall judge the world: 20  
What was distant shall be near,  
What was hidden shall be clear.  
To what shelter shall I fly?  
To what guardian shall I cry?  
Oh, in that destroying hour, 25  
Source of goodness, Source of power,  
Show thou, of thine own free grace,  
Help unto a helpless race.  
Though I plead not at thy throne  
Aught that I for thee have done, 30  
Do not thou unmindful be,  
Of what thou hast borne for me:  
Of the wandering, of the scorn,  
Of the scourge, and of the thorn.  
*Jesus*, hast *thou* borne the pain, 35  
And hath all been borne in vain?  
Shall thy vengeance smite the head  
For whose ransom thou hast bled?

Thou, whose dying blessing gave  
Glory to a guilty slave : 40  
Thou, who from the crew unclean  
Didst release the Magdalene°:  
Shall not mercy vast and free,  
Evermore be found in thee ?  
Father, turn on me thine eyes, 45  
See my blushes, hear my cries ;  
Faint though be the cries I make,  
Save me, for thy mercy's sake,  
From the worm, and from the fire,  
From the torments of thine ire. 50  
Fold me with the sheep that stand  
Pure and safe at thy right hand.  
Hear thy guilty child implore thee,  
Rolling in the dust before thee.  
Oh the horrors of that day ! 55  
When this frame of sinful clay,  
Starting from its burial place,  
Must behold thee face to face.  
Hear and pity, hear and aid,  
Spare the creatures thou hast made. 60  
Mercy, mercy, save, forgive,  
Oh, who shall look on thee and live ?

## THE MARRIAGE OF TIRZAH AND AHIRAD

1827

## GENESIS VI. 3

It is the dead of night :  
 Yet more than noonday light  
 Beams far and wide from many a gorgeous hall.  
 Unnumbered harps are tinkling,  
 Unnumbered lamps are twinkling, 5  
 In the great city of the fourfold wall.  
 By the brazen castle's moat,  
 The sentry hums a livelier note.  
 The ship-boy chaunts a shriller lay  
 From the galleys in the bay. 10  
 Shout, and laugh, and hurrying feet  
 Sound from mart and square and street,  
 From the breezy laurel shades ;  
 From the granite colonnades,  
 From the golden statue's base, 15  
 From the stately market-place,  
 Where, upreared by captive hands,  
 The great Tower of Triumph° stands,  
 All its pillars in a blaze  
 With the many-colored rays, 20  
 Which lanthorns of ten thousand dyes  
 Shed on ten thousand panopies.  
 But closest is the throng,  
 And loudest is the song,

In that sweet garden by the river's side, 25  
The abyss of myrtle bowers,  
The wilderness of flowers,  
Where Cain<sup>o</sup> hath built the palace of his pride.  
Such palace ne'er shall be again  
Among the dwindling race of men<sup>o</sup>. 30  
From all its three-score gates the light  
Of gold and steel afar was thrown;  
Two hundred cubits rose in height  
The outer wall of polished stone.  
On the top was ample space 35  
For a gallant chariot race.  
Near either parapet a bed  
Of the richest mould was spread,  
Where amidst flowers of every scent and hue  
Rich orange trees, and palms, and giant cedars grew. 40

In the mansion's public court  
All is revel, song, and sport;  
For there, till morn shall tint the east,  
Menials and guards prolong the feast.  
The boards with painted vessels shine; 45  
The marble cisterns foam with wine.  
A hundred dancing girls are there  
With zoneless waists and streaming hair;  
And countless eyes with ardor gaze,  
And countless hands the measure beat, 50  
As mix and part in amorous maze  
Those floating arms and bounding feet.  
But none of all the race of Cain,  
Save those whom he hath deigned to grace  
With yellow robe and sapphire chain, 55  
May pass beyond that outer space.

For now within the painted hall  
The Firstborn keeps high festival.  
Before the glittering valves all night  
Their post the chosen captains hold. 60  
Above the portal's stately height  
The legend flames in lamps of gold:  
"In life united and in death  
May Tirzah and Ahirad be,  
The bravest he of all the sons of Seth°, 65  
Of all the house of Cain the loveliest she."

Through all the climates of the earth  
This night is given to festal mirth.  
The long continued war is ended.  
The long divided lines are blended. 70  
Ahirad's bow shall now no more  
Make fat the wolves with kindred gore.  
The vultures shall expect in vain  
Their banquet from the sword of Cain.  
Without a guard the herds and flocks 75  
Along the frontier moors and rocks  
From eve to morn may roam;  
Nor shriek, nor shout, nor reddened sky,  
Shall warn the startled hind to fly  
From his beloved home. 80  
Nor to the pier shall burghers crowd  
With straining necks and faces pale,  
And think that in each flitting cloud  
They see a hostile sail.  
The peasant without fear shall guide 85  
Down smooth canal or river wide  
His painted bark of cane,  
Fraught, for some proud bazaar's arcades,

With chestnuts from his native shades,  
 And wine, and milk, and grain. 90  
 Search round the peopled globe to-night,  
 Explore each continent and isle,  
 There is no door without a light,  
 No face without a smile.  
 The noblest chiefs of either race, 95  
 From north and south, from west and east,  
 Crowd to the painted hall to grace  
 The pomp of that atoning feast.  
 With widening eyes and laboring breath  
 Stand the fair-haired sons of Seth, 100  
 As bursts upon their dazzled sight  
 The endless avenue of light,  
 The bowers of tulip, rose, and palm,  
 The thousand cressets fed with balm,  
 The silken vests, the boards piled high 105  
 With amber, gold, and ivory,  
 The crystal founts whence sparkling flow  
 The richest wines o'er beds of snow,  
 The walls where blaze in living dyes  
 The king's three hundred victories. 110  
 The heralds point the fitting seat  
 To every guest in order meet,  
 And place the highest in degree  
 Nearest th' imperial canopy.  
 Beneath its broad and gorgeous fold, 115  
 With naked swords and shields of gold,  
 Stood the seven princes of the tribes of Nod°.

Upon an ermine carpet lay  
 Two tiger cubs in furious play,  
 Beneath the emerald throne where sat the signed of God°.

Over that ample forehead white 121  
The thousandth year returneth.  
Still, on its commanding height,  
With a fierce and blood-red light,  
The fiery token burneth°. 125  
Wheresoe'er that mystic star  
Blazeth in the van of war,  
Back recoil before its ray  
Shield and banner, bow and spear,  
Maddened horses break away 130  
From the trembling charioteer.  
The fear of that stern king doth lie  
On all that live beneath the sky;  
All shrink before the mark of his despair,  
The seal of that great curse which he alone can 135  
bear°. 135  
Blazing in pearls and diamonds' sheen.  
Tirzah, the young Ahirad's bride,  
Of humankind the destined queen,  
Sits by her great forefather's side.  
The jetty curls, the forehead high, 140  
The swanlike neck, the eagle face,  
The glowing cheek, the rich dark eye,  
Proclaim her of the elder race.  
With flowing locks of auburn hue,  
And features smooth and eye of blue, 145  
Timid in love as brave in arms,  
The gentle heir of Seth askance  
Snatches a bashful, ardent glance  
At her majestic charms;  
Blest when across that brow high musing flashes 150  
A deeper tint of rose,  
Thrice blest when from beneath the silken lashes  
Of her proud eye she throws

The smile of blended fondness and disdain  
Which marks the daughters of the house of Cain. 155

All hearts are light around the hall,  
Save his who is the lord of all.  
The painted roofs, the attendant train,  
The lights, the banquet, all are vain.  
He sees them not. His fancy strays 160  
To other scenes and other days.  
A cot by a lone forest's edge,  
A fountain murmuring through the trees,  
A garden with a wildflower hedge,  
Whence sounds the music of the bees, 165  
A little flock of sheep at rest  
Upon a mountain's swarthy breast.  
On his rude spade he seems to lean  
Beside the well remembered stone,  
Rejoicing o'er the promise green 170  
Of the first harvest man hath sown.  
He sees his mother's tears;  
His father's voice he hears,  
Kind as when first it praised his youthful skill.  
And soon a seraph-child, 175  
In boyish rapture wild,  
With a light crook comes bounding from the hill,  
Kisses his hands, and strokes his face,  
And nestles close in his embrace.  
In his adamant eye 180  
None might discern his agony;  
But they who had grown hoary next his side,  
And read his stern dark face with deepest skill,  
Could trace strange meanings in that lip of pride,  
Which for one moment quivered and was still. 185



No time for them to mark or him to feel  
Those inward stings; for clarion, flute, and lyre,  
And the rich voices of a countless quire,  
Burst on the ear in one triumphant peal.  
In breathless transport sits the admiring throng, 190  
As sink and swell the notes of Jubal's lofty  
song.

“Sound the timbrel, strike the lyre,  
Wake the trumpet's blast of fire,  
Till the gilded arches ring.  
Empire, victory, and fame, 195  
Be ascribed unto the name  
Of our father and our king.  
Of the deeds which he hath done,  
Of the spoils which he hath won,  
Let his grateful children sing. 200

“When the deadly fight was fought,  
When the great revenge was wrought,  
When on the slaughtered victims lay  
The minion stiff and cold as they,  
Doomed to exile, sealed with flame, 205  
From the west the wanderer came.  
Six score years and six he strayed  
A hunter through the forest shade.  
The lion's shaggy jaws he tore,  
To earth he smote the foaming boar, 210  
He crushed the dragon's fiery crest,  
And scaled the condor's dizzy nest;  
Till hardy sons and daughters fair  
Increased around his woodland lair.

Then his victorious bow unstrung 215  
On the great bison's horn he hung.  
Giraffe and elk he left to hold  
The wilderness of boughs in peace,  
And trained his youth to pen the fold,  
To press the cream, and weave the fleece. 220  
As shrunk the streamlet in its bed,  
As black and scant the herbage grew,  
O'er endless plains his flocks he led  
Still to new brooks and pastures new.  
So strayed he till the white pavilions 225  
Of his camp were told by millions,  
Till his children's households seven  
Were numerous as the stars of heaven.  
Then he bade us rove no more ;  
And in the place that pleased him best, 230  
On the great river's fertile shore,  
He fixed the city of his rest.  
He taught us then to bind the sheaves,  
To strain the palm's delicious milk,  
And from the dark green mulberry leaves 235  
To cull the filmy silk.  
Then first from straw-built mansions roamed  
O'er flower-beds trim the skilful bees ;  
Then first the purple wine-vats foamed  
Around the laughing peasant's knees ; 240  
And olive-yards, and orchards green,  
O'er all the hills of Nod were seen.

"Of our father and our king  
Let his grateful children sing.  
From him our race its being draws, 245  
His are our arts, and his our laws.

Like himself he bade us be,  
Proud and brave, and fierce, and free.  
True, through every turn of fate,  
In our friendship and our hate. 250  
Calm to watch, yet prompt to dare;  
Quick to feel, yet firm to bear;  
Only timid, only weak,  
Before sweet woman's eye and cheek.  
We will not serve, we will not know, 255  
The God who is our father's foe.  
In our proud cities to his name  
No temples rise, no altars flame.  
Our flocks of sheep, our groves of spice,  
To him afford no sacrifice. 260  
Enough that once the House of Cain  
Hath courted with oblation vain  
    The sullen power above.<sup>o</sup>  
Henceforth we bear the yoke no more;  
The only gods whom we adore 265  
    Are glory, vengeance, love.

"Of our father and our king  
Let his grateful children sing.  
What eye of living thing may brook  
On his blazing brow to look? 270  
What might of living thing may stand  
Against the strength of his right hand?  
First he led his armies forth  
Against the Mammoths of the north,  
What time they wasted in their pride 275  
Pasture and vineyard far and wide.  
Then the White River's icy flood  
Was thawed with fire and dyed with blood,

And heard for many a league the sound  
Of the pine forests blazing round, 280  
And the death-howl and trampling din  
Of the gigantic herd within.  
From the surging sea of flame  
Forth the tortured monsters came;  
As of breakers on the shore 285  
Was their onset and their roar;  
As the cedar-trees of God  
Stood the stately ranks of Nod.  
One long night and one short day  
The sword was lifted up to slay. 290  
Then marched the firstborn and his sons  
O'er the white ashes of the wood,  
And counted of that savage brood  
Nine times nine thousand skeletons.

"On the snow with carnage red 295  
The wood is piled, the skins are spread.  
A thousand fires illumine the sky;  
Round each a hundred warriors lie.  
But, long ere half the night was spent,  
Forth thundered from the golden tent 300  
The rousing voice of Cain.  
A thousand trumps in answer rang,  
And fast to arms the warriors sprang  
O'er all the frozen plain.  
A herald from the wealthy bay 305  
Hath come with tidings of dismay.  
From the western ocean's coast  
Seth hath led a countless host,  
And vows to slay with fire and sword  
All who call not on the Lord. 310

His archers hold the mountain forts;  
His light armed ships blockade the ports;  
His horsemen tread the harvest down.  
On twelve proud bridges he hath passed  
The river dark with many a mast,  
And pitched his mighty camp at last  
Before the imperial town.

315

“On the south and on the west,  
Closely was the city prest.  
Before us lay the hostile powers.  
The breach was wide between the towers.  
Pulse and meal within were sold  
For a double weight of gold.  
Our mighty father had gone forth  
Two hundred marches to the north.  
Yet in that extreme of ill  
We stoutly kept his city still;  
And swore beneath his royal wall,  
Like his true sons to fight and fall.

320

325

“Hark, hark, to gong and horn,  
Clarion, and fife, and drum,  
The morn, the fortieth morn,  
Fixed for the great assault is come.  
Between the camp and city spreads  
A waving sea of helmed heads.  
From the royal car of Seth  
Was hung the blood-red flag of death:

330

335

At sight of that thrice-hallowed sign  
Wide flew at once each banner's fold;  
The captains clashed their arms of gold;  
The war cry of Elohim° rolled

340

Far down their endless line.  
On the northern hills afar  
Pealed an answering note of war.  
Soon the dust in whirlwinds driven, 345  
Rushed across the northern heaven.  
Beneath its shroud came thick and loud  
The tramp as of a countless crowd;  
And at intervals were seen  
Lance and hauberk glancing sheen; 350  
And at intervals were heard  
Charger's neigh and battle word.

"Oh what a rapturous cry  
From all the city's thousand spires arose,  
With what a look the hollow eye 355  
Of the lean watchman glared upon the foes,  
With what a yell of joy the mother pressed  
The moaning baby to her withered breast;  
When through the swarthy cloud that veiled the plain  
Burst on his children's sight the flaming brow of Cain!"

There paused perforce that noble song 361  
For from all the joyous throng,  
Burst forth a rapturous shout which drowned  
Singer's voice and trumpet's sound.  
Thrice that stormy clamor fell, 365  
Thrice rose again with mightier swell.  
The last and loudest roar of all  
Had died along the painted wall.  
The crowd was hushed; the minstrel train  
Prepared to strike the chords again; 370  
When on each ear distinctly smote

A low and wild and wailing note.  
It moans again. In mute amaze  
Menials, and guests, and harpers gaze.  
They look above, beneath, around, 375  
No shape doth own that mournful sound.  
It comes not from the tuneful quire ;  
It comes not from the feasting peers ;  
There is no tone of earthly lyre  
So soft, so sad, so full of tears. 380  
Then a strange horror came on all  
Who sat at that high festival.  
The far famed harp, the harp of gold,  
Dropped from Jubal's° trembling hold.  
Frantic with dismay the bride 385  
Clung to her Ahirad's side.  
And the corpse-like hue of dread  
Ahirad's haughty face o'erspread.  
Yet not even in that agony of awe  
Did the young leader of the fair-haired race 390  
From Tirzah's shuddering grasp his hand withdraw,  
Or turn his eyes from Tirzah's livid face.  
The tigers to their lord retreat,  
And crouch and whine beneath his feet.  
Prone sink to earth the golden shielded seven. 395  
All hearts are cowed save his alone  
Who sits upon the emerald throne ;  
For he hath heard Elohim speak from heaven.  
Still thunders in his ear the peal ;  
Still blazes on his front the seal : 400  
And on the soul of the proud king  
No terror of created thing  
From sky, or earth, or hell, hath power  
Since that unutterable hour.

He rose to speak, but paused, and listening stood, 405  
Not daunted, but in sad and curious mood,  
With knitted brow, and searching eye of fire.  
A deathlike silence sank on all around,  
And through the boundless space was heard no sound,  
Save the soft tones of that mysterious lyre. 410  
Broken, faint, and low,  
At first the numbers flow.  
Louder, deeper, quicker, still  
Into one fierce peal they swell,  
And the echoing palace fill 415  
With a strange funereal yell.  
A voice° comes forth. But what, or where?  
On the earth, or in the air?  
Like the midnight winds that blow  
Round a lone cottage in the snow, 420  
With howling swell and sighing fall,  
It wails along the trophied hall.  
In such a wild and dreary moan°  
The watches of the Seraphim°  
Poured out all night their plaintive hymn 425  
Before the eternal throne.  
Then, when from many a heavenly eye  
Drops as of earthly pity fell  
For her who had aspired too high,  
For him who loved too well; 430  
When, stunned by grief, the gentle pair  
From the nuptial garden fair,  
Linked in a sorrowful caress,  
Strayed through the untrodden wilderness;  
And close behind their footsteps came 435  
The desolating sword of flame,  
And drooped the cedared alley's pride,  
And fountains shrank, and roses died.



“Rejoice, O Son of God, rejoice,”  
Sang that melancholy voice, 44<sup>a</sup>  
“Rejoice, the maid is fair to see;  
The bower is decked for her and thee;  
The ivory lamps around it throw  
A soft and pure and mellow glow.  
Where'er the chastened lustre falls 445  
On roof or cornice, floor or walls,  
Woven of pink and rose appear  
Such words as love delights to hear.  
The breath of myrrh, the lute's soft sound,  
Float through the moonlight galleries round, 45<sup>o</sup>  
O'er beds of violet and through groves of spice.  
Lead thy proud bride into the nuptial bower;  
For thou hast bought her with a fearful price,  
And she hath dowered thee with a fearful dower.  
The price is life. The dower is death. 455  
Accursed loss! Accursed gain!  
For her thou givest the blessedness of Seth,  
And to thine arms she brings the curse of Cain.  
Round the dark curtains of the fiery throne  
Pauses awhile the voice of sacred song: 46<sup>o</sup>  
From all the angelic ranks goes forth a groan,  
‘How long, O Lord, how long?’  
The still small voice makes answer, ‘Wait and see,  
O sons of glory, what the end shall be.’

“But, in the outer darkness of the place, 465  
Where God hath shown his power without his grace,  
Is laughter and the sound of glad acclaim,  
Loud as when, on wings of fire,  
Fulfilled of his malign desire,  
From Paradise the conquering serpent came. 47<sup>o</sup>

The giant ruler of the morning star  
From off his fiery bed  
Lifts high his stately head,  
Which Michael's<sup>o</sup> sword hath marked with many a scar.  
At his voice the pit of hell  
Answers with a joyous yell,  
And flings her dusky portals wide  
For the bridegroom and the bride. 475

"But louder still shall be the din  
In the halls of Death and Sin,  
When the full measure runneth o'er 480  
When mercy can endure no more,  
When he who vainly proffers grace,  
Comes in his fury to deface  
The fair creation of his hand; 485  
When from the heaven streams down amain  
For forty days the sheeted rain;  
And from his ancient barriers free,  
With a deafening roar the sea  
Comes foaming up the land. 490  
Mother, cast thy babe aside:  
Bridegroom, quit thy virgin bride:  
Brother, pass thy brother by:  
'Tis for life, for life, ye fly.  
Along the drear horizon raves 495  
The swift advancing line of waves.  
On, on, their frothy crests appear  
Each moment nearer, and more near.  
Urge the dromedary's speed;  
Spur to death the reeling steed; 500  
If perchance ye yet may gain  
The mountains that o'erhang the plain.

“O thou haughty land of Nod,  
Hear the sentence of thy God.  
Thou hast said ‘Of all the hills  
Whence, after autumn rains, the rills  
In silver trickle down,  
The fairest is that mountain white  
Which intercepts the morning light  
From Cain’s imperial town.  
On its first and gentlest swell  
Are pleasant halls where nobles dwell;  
And marble porticoes are seen  
Peeping through terraced gardens green.  
Above are olives, palms, and vines;  
And higher yet the dark blue pines;  
And highest on the summit shines  
The crest of everlasting ice.  
Here let the God of Abel own  
That human art hath wonders shown  
Beyond his boasted paradise.’

“Therefore on that proud mountain’s crown  
Thy few surviving sons and daughters  
Shall see their latest sun go down  
Upon a boundless waste of waters.  
None salutes and none replies;  
None heaves a groan or breathes a prayer;  
They crouch on earth with tearless eyes,  
And clenched hands, and bristling hair.  
The rain pours on: no star illumes  
The blackness of the roaring sky.  
And each successive billow booms  
Nigher still and still more nigh.

And now upon the howling blast  
The wreaths of spray come thick and fast; 535  
And a great billow by the tempest curled  
Falls with a thundering crash; and all is o'er.  
And what is left of all this glorious world?  
A sky without a beam, a sea without a shore.

“Oh thou fair land, where from their starry home 540  
Cherub and seraph oft delight to roam,  
Thou city of the thousand towers,  
Thou palace of the golden stairs,  
Ye gardens of perennial flowers,  
Ye moted gates, ye breezy squares; 545  
Ye parks amidst whose branches high  
Oft peers the squirrel's sparkling eye;  
Ye vineyards, in whose trellised shade  
Pipes many a youth to many a maid;  
Ye ports where rides the gallant ship; 550  
Ye marts where wealthy burghers meet;  
Ye dark green lanes which know the trip  
Of woman's conscious feet;  
Ye grassy meads where, when the day is done,  
The shepherd pens his fold; 555  
Ye purple moors on which the setting sun  
Leaves a rich fringe of gold;  
Ye wintry deserts where the larches grow;  
Ye mountains on whose everlasting snow  
No human foot hath trod; 560  
Many a fathom shall ye sleep  
Beneath the gray and endless deep,  
In the great day of the revenge of God.”

## THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE

AN ELECTION BALLAD

1827

As I sat down to breakfast in state,  
At my living of Tithing-cum-Boring,  
With Betty beside me to wait,  
Came a rap that almost beat the door in.  
I laid down my basin of tea, 5  
And Betty ceased spreading the toast,  
"As sure as a gun, sir," said she,  
"That must be the knock of the post."

A letter — and free — bring it here —  
I have no correspondent who franks. 10  
No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,  
'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes.  
"Dear sir, as I know you desire  
That the Church should receive due protection,  
I humbly presume to require 15  
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

"It has lately been brought to my knowledge,  
That the Ministers fully design  
'To suppress each cathedral and college,  
And eject every learned divine. 20

To assist this detestable scheme  
 Three nuncios from Rome are come over;  
 They left Calais on Monday by steam,  
 And landed to dinner at Dover.

“An army of grim Cordeliers°,  
 Well furnished with relics and vermin,  
 Will follow, Lord Westmoreland° fears,  
 To effect what their chiefs may determine.  
 Lollard's° bower, good authorities say,  
 Is again fitting up for a prison;  
 And a wood-merchant told me to-day  
 'Tis a wonder how faggots have risen.”

25  
30

“The finance scheme of Canning° contains  
 A new Easter-offering tax;  
 And he means to devote all the gains  
 To a bounty on thumb-screws and racks.  
 Your living, so neat and compact—  
 Pray, don't let the news give you pain!—  
 Is promised, I know for a fact,  
 To an olive-faced Padre° from Spain.”

35  
40

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,  
 Sore wounded with horror and pity;  
 So I flew, with all possible speed,  
 To our Protestant champion's committee.  
 True gentlemen, kind and well-bred!  
 No fleeing! no distance! no scorn!  
 They asked after my wife who is dead,  
 And my children who never were born.

45

They then, like high-principled Tories,  
 Called our Sovereign unjust and unsteady, 50  
 And assailed him with scandalous stories,  
 Till the coach for the voters was ready.  
 That coach might be well called a casket  
 Of learning and brotherly love:  
 There were parsons in boot and in basket; 55  
 There were parsons below and above.

There were Sneaker and Griper, a pair  
 Who stick to Lord Mulesby like leeches;  
 A smug chaplain of plausible air,  
 Who writes my Lord Goslingham's speeches. 60  
 Dr. Buzz, who alone is a host,  
 Who, with arguments weighty as lead,  
 Proves six times a week in the Post  
 That flesh somehow differs from bread.

Dr. Nimrod, whose orthodox toes 65  
 Are seldom withdrawn from the stirrup  
 Dr. Humdrum, whose eloquence flows,  
 Like droppings of sweet poppy syrup;  
 Dr. Rosygill puffing and fanning,  
 And wiping away perspiration; 70  
 Dr. Humbug who proved Mr. Canning  
 The beast in St. John's Revelation.

A layman can scarce form a notion  
 Of our wonderful talk on the road;  
 Of the learning, the wit, and devotion, 75  
 Which almost each syllable showed:

Why divided allegiance agrees  
So ill with our free constitution;  
How Catholics swear as they please,  
In hope of the priest's absolution; 86

How the Bishop of Norwich<sup>o</sup> had bartered  
His faith for a legate's commission;  
How Lyndhurst<sup>o</sup>, afraid to be martyr'd,  
Had stooped to a base coalition;  
How Papists are cased from compassion 85  
By bigotry, stronger than steel;  
How burning would soon come in fashion,  
And how very bad it must feel.

We were all so much touched and excited  
By a subject so direly sublime, 90  
That the rules of politeness were slighted,  
And we all of us talked at a time;  
And in tones, which each moment grew louder,  
Told how we should dress for the show,  
And where we should fasten the powder, 95  
And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,  
And the journey passed pleasantly o'er,  
Till at last Dr. Humdrum began;  
From that time I remember no more. 100  
At Ware<sup>o</sup> he commenced his prelection  
In the dullest of clerical drones;  
And when next I regained recollection  
We were rumbling o'er Trumpington<sup>o</sup> stones.



## SONG

1827

Oh, stay, Madonna! stay;  
'Tis not the dawn of day  
That marks the skies with yonder opal streak:  
The stars in silence shine;  
Then press thy lips to mine,  
And rest upon my neck thy fervid cheek.

5

Oh, sleep, Madonna! sleep;  
Leave me to watch and weep  
O'er the sad memory of departed joys,  
O'er hope's extinguished beam,  
O'er fancy's vanished dream,  
O'er all that nature gives and man destroys.

10

Oh, wake, Madonna! wake;  
Even now the purple lake  
Is dappled o'er with amber flakes of light;  
A glow is on the hill;  
And every trickling rill  
In golden threads leaps down from yonder height.

15

Oh, fly, Madonna! fly,  
Lest day and envy spy  
What only love and night may safely know

20

Fly, and tread softly, dear !  
 Lest those who hate us hear  
 The sounds of thy light footsteps as they go.

## THE DELIVERANCE OF VIENNA

TRANSLATED FROM VINCENZIO DA FILICAIA

(*Published in the "Winter's Wreath," Liverpool, 1828*)

"Le corde d'oro elette," &c.

THE chords, the sacred chords of gold,  
 Strike, O Muse in measure bold ;  
 And frame a sparkling wreath of joyous songs  
 For that great God to whom revenge belongs.  
     Who shall resist his might,  
     Who marshals for the fight  
 Earthquake and thunder, hurricane and flame ?  
     He smote the haughty race  
     Of unbelieving Thrace°,  
 And turned their rage to fear, their pride to shame.  
     He looked in wrath from high,  
     Upon their vast array ;  
     And, in the twinkling of an eye,  
     Tambour, and trump, and battle-cry,  
     And steeds, and turbaned infantry,  
     Passed like a dream away.  
 Such power defends the mansions of the just :  
     But, like a city without walls,  
     The grandeur of the mortal falls  
 Who glories in his strength, and makes not God his  
     trust.

The proud blasphemers thought all earth their own ;  
They deemed that soon the whirlwind of their ire  
Would sweep down tower and palace, dome and spire.  
The Christian altars and the Augustan throne°.  
And soon, they cried, shall Austria bow 25  
To the dust her lofty brow.  
The princedoms of Almayne°  
Shall wear the Phrygian° chain ;  
In humbler waves shall vassal Tiber roll ;  
And Rome a slave forlorn, 30  
Her laurelled tresses shorn,  
Shall feel our iron in her inmost soul.  
Who shall bid the torrent stay ?  
Who shall bar the lightning's way ?  
Who arrest the advancing van 35  
Of the fiery Ottoman° ?

As the curling smoke-wreaths fly  
When fresh breezes clear the sky,  
Passed away each swelling boast  
Of the misbelieving host. 40  
From the Hebrus° rolling far  
Came the murky cloud of war,  
And in shower and tempest dread  
Burst on Austria's 'fenceless head.  
But not for vaunt or threat 45  
Didst Thou, O Lord, forget  
The flock so dearly bought, and loved so well  
Even in the very hour  
Of guilty pride and power  
Full on the circumcised Thy vengeance fell. 50  
Then the fields were heaped with dead,  
Then the streams with gore were red,

And every bird of prey, and every beast,  
From wood and cavern thronged to Thy great feast.

What terror seized the fiends obscene of Nile! 55  
How wildly, in his place of doom beneath,  
Arabia's lying prophet° gnashed his teeth,  
And cursed his blighted hopes and wasted guile!  
When, at the bidding of Thy sovereign might,  
Flew on their destined path 60  
Thy messengers of wrath,  
Riding on storms and wrapped in deepest night.  
The Phthian° mountains saw;  
And quaked with mystic awe:  
The proud Sultana of the Straits° bowed down 65  
Her jewelled neck and her embattled crown.  
The miscreants, as they raised their eyes  
Glaring defiance on Thy skies,  
Saw adverse winds and clouds display  
The terrors of their black array; — 70  
Saw each portentous star  
Whose fiery aspect turned of yore to flight  
The iron chariots of the Canaanite°  
Gird its bright harness for a deadlier war.

Beneath Thy withering look 75  
Their limbs with palsy shook;  
Scattered on earth the crescent banners lay;  
Trembled with panic fear  
Sabre and targe and spear,  
Through the proud armies of the rising day. 80  
Faint was each heart, unnerved each hand;  
And, if they strove to charge or stand.

Their efforts were as vain  
As his who, scared in feverish sleep  
By evil dreams, essays to leap, 85  
Then backward falls again.

With a crash of wild dismay,  
Their ten thousand ranks gave way ;  
Fast they broke, and fast they fled ;  
Trampled, mangled, dying, dead, 90  
Horse and horsemen mingled lay ;  
Till the mountains of the slain  
Raised the valleys to the plain.

Be all the glory to Thy name divine !  
The swords were ours ; the arm, O Lord, was Thine. 95

Therefore to Thee, beneath whose footstool wait  
The powers which erring man calls Chance and Fate,  
To Thee who hast laid low  
The pride of Europe's foe,  
And taught Byzantium's<sup>o</sup> sullen lords to fear, 100  
I pour my spirit out  
In a triumphant shout,  
And call all ages and all lands to hear.

Thou who evermore endurest,  
Loftiest, mightiest, wisest, purest, 105  
Thou whose will destroys or saves,  
Dread of tyrants, hope of slaves,  
The wreath of glory is from Thee,  
And the red sword of victory.

There where exulting Danube's flood 110  
Runs stained with Islam's<sup>o</sup> noblest blood  
From that tremendous field,

There where in mosque the tyrants met,  
And from the crier's minaret

Unholy summons pealed,  
Pure shrines and temples now shall be  
Decked for a worship worthy Thee.

115

To Thee thy whole creation pays  
With mystic sympathy its praise,

The air, the earth, the seas :  
The day shines forth with livelier beam ;  
There is a smile upon the stream,

120

An anthem on the breeze.  
Glory, they cry, to Him whose might  
Hath turned the barbarous foe to flight,  
Whose arm protects with power divine  
The city of his favored line.

125

The caves, the woods, the rocks, repeat the sound ;  
The everlasting hills roll the long echoes round.

But, if Thy rescued church may dare  
Still to besiege Thy Throne with prayer,  
Sheathe not, we implore Thee, Lord,  
Sheathe not Thy victorious sword.

130

Still Panonia<sup>o</sup> pines away,  
Vassal of a double sway :  
Still Thy servants groan in chains,  
Still the race which hates Thee reigns :  
Part the living from the dead :

135

Join the members to the head :  
Snatch Thine own sheep from yon fell monster's hold ;  
Let one kind shepherd rule one undivided fold.

140

He is the victor, only he  
Who reaps the fruits of victory.

We conquered once in vain,  
When foamed the Ionian waves with gore, 141  
And heaped Lepanto's° stormy shore  
With wrecks and Moslem° slain.  
Yet wretched Cyprus never broke  
The Syrian tyrant's iron yoke°.  
Shall the twice vanquished foe 150  
Again repeat his blow?  
Shall Europe's sword be hung to rust in peace?  
No — let the red-cross ranks  
Of the triumphant Franks°  
Bear swift deliverance to the shrines of Greece, 155  
And in her inmost heart let Asia feel  
The avenging plagues of Western fire and steel.

Oh God! for one short moment raise  
The veil which hides those glorious days.  
The flying foes I see Thee urge 160  
Even to the river's headlong verge.

Close on their rear the loud uproar  
Of fierce pursuit from Ister's° shore  
Comes pealing on the wind;  
The Rab's° wild waters are before, 165  
The Christian sword behind.  
Sons of perdition, speed your flight,  
No earthly spear is in the rest;  
No earthly champion leads to fight  
The warriors of the West. 170  
The Lord of Hosts asserts His old renown,  
Scatters, and smites, and slays, and tramples down.  
Fast, fast beyond what mortal tongue can say,

Or mortal fancy dream,  
 He rushes on his prey : 175  
 Till, with the terrors of the wondrous theme  
 Bewildered and appalled, I cease to sing,  
 And close my dazzled eye, and rest my wearied wing.

## THE LAST BUCCANEER

1839

THE winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,  
 The sky was black and drear,  
 When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship with-  
     out a name  
 Alongside the last Buccaneer.

“ Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce a gale, 5  
 When all others drive bare on the seas ?  
 Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador°,  
 Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees ? ”

“ From a shore no search hath found, from a gulf no line  
     can sound,  
 Without rudder or needle we steer ; 10  
 Above, below, our bark, dies the sea-fowl and the shark,  
 As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

“ To-night there shall be heard on the rocks of Cape de  
     Verde°,  
 A loud crash, and a louder roar :



And to-morrow shall the deep, with a heavy moaning,  
     sweep  
 The corpses and wreck to the shore.” 15

The stately ship of Clyde° securely now may ride,  
     In the breath of the citron shades;  
 And Severn's° towering mast securely now flies fast,  
     Through the sea of the balmy Trades°. 20

From St. Jago's° wealthy port, from Havannah's royal  
     fort,  
 The seaman goes forth without fear;  
 For since that stormy night not a mortal hath had sight  
     Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

## EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

1845

To my true king I offered free from stain  
 Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.  
 For him, I threw lands, honors, wealth, away.  
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.  
 For him I languished in a foreign clime, 5  
 Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;  
 Heard on Lavernia° Scargill's° whispering trees,  
 And pined by Arno° for my lovelier Tees°;  
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,  
 Each morning started from the dream to weep; 10  
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave  
 The resting place I asked, an early grave.

Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,  
 From that proud country which was once mine own,  
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15  
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,  
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear  
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

## LINES WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE THIRTIETH OF JULY, 1847

AT THE CLOSE OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL CONTEST FOR EDINBURGH

THE day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er;  
 Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,  
 I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more  
 A room in an old mansion, long unseen°.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light; 5  
 Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray  
 Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,  
 Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

Pale flickered on the hearth the dying flame,  
 And all was silent in that ancient hall, 10  
 Save when by fits on the low night-wind came  
 The murmur of the distant waterfall.

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth  
 Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom:

With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,  
From gloom they came and vanished into gloom. 15

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast  
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain;  
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,  
With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain. 20

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head,  
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown;  
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed  
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still Fay in long procession followed Fay;  
And still the little couch remained unblest:  
But, when those wayward sprites had passed away,  
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best. 25

Oh glorious lady, with the eyes of light  
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,  
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,  
Warbling a sweet, strange music, who wast thou? 30

"Yes, darling; let them go;" so ran the strain:  
"Yes; let them go, gain, fashion, pleasure, power,  
And all the busy elves to whose domain  
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour. 35

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,  
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.  
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,  
Mine all the past, and all the future mine. 40

"Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,  
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,  
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,  
The sense of beauty and the thirst of truth.

"Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace, 45  
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;  
And, if for some I keep a nobler place,  
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem 50  
Of all my bounties largely to partake,  
Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,  
And court me but for gain's, power's, fashion's sake.

"To such, though deep their lore, though wide their  
fame,  
Shall my great mysteries be all unknown:  
But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame, 55  
Wilt not thou love me for myself alone?

"Yes; thou wilt love me with exceeding love;  
And I will tenfold all that love repay,  
Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,  
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray. 60

"For aye mine emblem was, and aye shall be,  
The ever-during plant whose bough I wear,  
Brightest and greenest then, when every tree  
That blossoms in the light of Time is bare.

“In the dark hour of shame, I deigned to stand 65  
 Before the frowning peers at Bacon’s° side:  
 On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,  
 Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde°;

“I brought the wise and brave of ancient days  
 To cheer the cell where Raleigh° pined alone: 70  
 I lighted Milton’s darkness° with the blaze  
 Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

“And even so, my child, it is my pleasure  
 That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,  
 When, in domestic bliss and studious leisure, 75  
 Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly;

“Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed  
 Around thy car, the shout of triumph raise;  
 Nor when, in gilded drawing rooms, thy breast  
 Swells at the sweeter sound of woman’s praise. 80

“No: when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,  
 When weary soul and wasting body pine,  
 Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,  
 In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine;

“Thine, where on mountain waves the snowbirds scream,  
 Where more than Thule’s° winter barbs the breeze, 86  
 Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam  
 Lights the drear May-day of Antarctic seas:

"Thine, when around thy litter's track all day  
White sandhills shall reflect the blinding glare; 90  
Thine, when, through forests breathing death, thy way  
All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair;

"Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,  
When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,  
For truth, peace, Freedom, mercy, dares defy 95  
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,  
Hate's yell and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,  
Remember me; and with an unforced smile  
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away. 100

"Yes: they will pass away; nor deem it strange:  
They come and go, as comes and goes the sea:  
And let them come and go: thou, through all change,  
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

## PARAPHRASE OF A PASSAGE IN THE CHRONICLE OF THE MONK OF ST. GALL

1856

[In the summer of 1856, the author travelled with a friend through Lombardy. As they were on the road between Novara and Milan, they were conversing on the subject of the legends relating to that country. The author remarked to his companion that Mr. Panizzi, in the Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the

Italians, prefixed to his edition of Bojardo, had pointed out an instance of the conversion of ballad poetry into prose narrative which strongly confirmed the theory of Perizonius and Niebuhr. upon which "The Lays of Ancient Rome" are founded; and, after repeating an extract which Mr. Panizzi has given from the chronicle of "The Monk of St. Gall," he proceeded to frame a metrical paraphrase. The note in Mr. Panizzi's work (vol. i. p. 123, note *b*) is here copied verbatim.]

"The monk says that Oger was with Desiderius, King of Lombardy, watching the advance of Charlemagne's army. The king often asked Oger where was Charlemagne. Quando videris, inquit, segetem campis inhorrescere, ferreum Padum et Ticinum marinis fluctibus ferro nigrantibus muros civitatis inundantes, tunc est spes Caroli venientis. His nedum expletis primum ad occasum Circino vel Borea cœpit apparere, quasi nubes tenebrosa, quæ diem clarissimam horrentes convertit in umbras. Sed propiante Imperatore, ex armorum splendore, dies omni nocte tenebrosior oborta est inclusis. Tunc visus est ipse ferrus Carolus ferrea galea cristatus, ferreis manicis armillatus, &c. &c. His igitur, quæ ego balbus et edentulus, non ut debui circuitu tardiore diutiùs explicare tentavi, veridicus speculator Oggerus celerrimo visu contuitus dixit ad Desiderium: Ecce, habes quem tantopere perquisisti. Et hæc dicens, pene exanimis cecidit. — MONACH. SANGAL. *de Reb. Bel. Caroli Magni*. lib. ii. § xxvi. Is this not evidently taken from poetical effusions?"

## PARAPHRASE

To Oggier° spake King Didier°:

“When cometh Charlemagne°?

We looked for him in harvest:

We looked for him in rain.

Crops are reaped; and floods are past;

And still he is not here.

Some token show, that we may know

That Charlemagne is near.”

Then to the King made answer  
 Oggier, the christened Dane: 10  
 "When stands the iron harvest,  
 Ripe on the Lombard° plain,  
 That stiff harvest which is reaped  
 With sword of knight and peer,  
 Then by that sign ye may divine 15  
 That Charlemagne is near.

"When round the Lombard cities  
 The iron flood shall flow,  
 A swifter flood than Ticin°, 20  
 A broader flood than Po,  
 Frothing white with many a plume,  
 Dark blue with many a spear,  
 Then by that sign ye may divine  
 That Charlemagne is near."

## FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM

HERE warlike cobblers railed from tops of casks  
 At lords and love-locks, monarchy and masques.  
 There many a graceless page blaspheming reel'd,  
 From his dear cards and bumpers, to the field:  
 The famished rooks, impatient of delay, 5  
 Gnaw their cogg'd dice and curse the lingering prey:  
 His sad Andromache°, with fruitless care,  
 Paints her wan lips and braids her borrowed hair:  
 For Church and King° he quits his favorite arts,  
 Forsakes his Knaves, forsakes his Queen of Hearts. 10  
 For Church and King he burns to stain with gore  
 His doublet, stained with nought but sack before.



## THE CAVALIERS' MARCH TO LONDON

1824

To horse! to horse! brave Cavaliers!  
To horse for Church and Crown!  
Strike, strike your tents! snatch up your spears!  
And ho for London town!  
The imperial harlot°, doom'd a prey  
To our avenging fires,  
Sends up the voice of her dismay  
From all her hundred spires.

The Strand° resounds with maidens' shrieks,  
The 'Change° with merchants' sighs,  
And blushes stand on brazen cheeks,  
And tears in iron eyes;  
And, pale with fasting and with fright,  
Each Puritan Committee  
Hath summon'd forth to prayer and fight  
The Roundheads of the City.

And soon shall London's sentries hear  
The thunder of our drum,  
And London's dames, in wilder fear,  
Shall cry, Alack! They come!  
Fling the fascines; — tear up the spikes;  
And forward, one and all.  
Down, down with all their train-band pikes,  
Down with their mud-built wall.

Quarter? — Foul fall your whining noise, 25  
Ye recreant spawn of fraud!  
No quarter! Think on Strafford°, boys.  
No quarter! Think on Laud°.  
What ho! The craven slaves retire.  
On! Trample them to mud, 30  
No quarter! — Charge. — No quarter! — Fire.  
No quarter! — Blood! — Blood! — Blood! —

Where next? In sooth there lacks no witch,  
Brave lads, to tell us where,  
Sure London's sons be passing rich, 35  
Her daughters wondrous fair:  
And let that dastard be the theme  
Of many a board's derision,  
Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream  
Of any sweet Precisian. 40

Their lean divines, of solemn brow,  
Sworn foes to throne and steeple,  
From an unwonted pulpit now  
Shall edify the people:  
Till the tir'd hangman, in despair, 45  
Shall curse his blunted shears,  
And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,  
Around their leathern ears.

We'll hang, above his own Guildhall,  
The city's grave Recorder, 50  
And on the den of thieves we'll fall,  
Though Pym° should speak to order.

In vain the lank-haired gang shall try  
To cheat our martial law ;  
In vain shall Lenthall° trembling cry  
That strangers must withdraw. 55

Of bench and woolsack, tub and chair  
We'll build a glorious pyre,  
And tons of rebel parchment there  
Shall crackle in the fire. 6a  
With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,  
Petition, psalm, and libel,  
The Colonel's canting muster-roll°,  
The Chaplain's dog-ear'd bible.

We'll tread a measure round the blaze 65  
Where England's pest expires,  
And lead along the dance's maze  
The beauties of the friars :  
Then smiles in every face shall shine,  
And joy in every soul. 7c  
Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,  
And crown the largest bowl.

And as with nod and laugh ye sip  
The goblet's rich carnation,  
Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip 75  
The wink of invitation ;  
Drink to those names, — those glorious names, —  
Those names no time shall sever, —  
Drink, in a draught as deep as Thames,  
Our Church and King for ever ! 8c

## ROSAMOND

(From "*What You Will*," *Knight's "Quarterly Magazine*," Vol. I.  
pp. 219, 220. 1823)

*May 7.* — Tristram Merton, I have a strong curiosity to know who Rosamond is. But you will not tell me ; and, after all, as far as your verses are concerned, the surname is nowise germane to the matter. As poor Sheridan said, it is too formal to be registered in Love's calendar : —

O ROSAMOND ! how sweet it were, on some fine summer  
dawn,  
With thee to wander, hand in hand, upon the dewy lawn,  
When flowers and heaps of new-mown grass perfume the  
morning breeze,  
And round the straw-built hive resounds the murmur of  
the bees ;  
To see the distant mountain-tops empurpled by the ray, 5  
And look along the spreading vale to the ocean far away ;  
O'er russet heaths, and glancing rills, and mossy forests  
green,  
And curling smoke of cottages, and dark gray spires  
between.

And oh ! how passing sweet it were, through the long  
sunny day,  
To gaze upon thy lovely face, to gaze myself away ; 10  
While thou beneath a mountain-ash, upon a mossy seat,  
Shouldst sing a low wild song to me, reclining at thy  
feet !

And oh ! to see thee, in some mood of playful toil, entwine  
 Round the green trellis of our bower the rose and eglan-  
 tine,  
 Still laying on my soul and sense a new and mystic  
 charm,  
 At every turn of thy fairy shape and of thy snowy arm. 15

And when the winds on winter nights in fitful cadence  
 blow,  
 And whirl against our frozen pane the eddying flakes of  
 snow,  
 How gay would be the fireside light, how sweet the  
 kettle's moan,  
 Joined to the lustre of thy smile, the music of thy tone ! 20  
 How fondly could I play for hours with thy long curling  
 tresses,  
 And press thy hand and clasp thy neck with fanciful  
 caresses,

And mingle low impassioned speech with kisses and  
 with sighs,  
 And pore into the dark blue depths of those voluptuous  
 eyes.

Tristram, I hope "Rosamond" and your "Fair Girl of France"  
 will not pull caps, — but I cannot forbear the temptation of intro-  
 ducing your Roxana and Statira to an admiring public : —

By thy love, fair girl of France, And the arch and bashful glance Which so well revealed it ; By the flush upon thy brow, By the softly faltered vow, And the kiss which sealed it ;	25      30
---	------------------------------

By those foreign accents dear,  
Whose wild cadence on mine ear  
Still in slumber lingers ;  
By thine eyes of sapphire splendor,  
By the thrilling pressure tender 35  
Of thy trembling fingers ;

By thy pouting, by thy smiles,  
And by all the varied wiles  
Which so sweetly won me, —  
Laughter, blushes, sighs, caresses, 40  
By thy lips, and by thy tresses,  
Sometimes think upon me.  
Think upon the parting day,  
And the tears I kissed away  
From thy glowing cheek ; 45  
Think of many a dearer token,  
Think of all that I have spoken,  
All I may not speak.

INSCRIPTION ON THE STATUE OF LORD  
WILLIAM BENTINCK

AT CALCUTTA

1835

TO

WILLIAM CAVENDISH BENTINCK,

WHO, DURING SEVEN YEARS, RULED INDIA WITH EMINENT  
PRUDENCE, INTEGRITY, AND BENEVOLENCE:

WHO, PLACED AT THE HEAD OF A GREAT EMPIRE, NEVER  
LAID ASIDE THE SIMPLICITY AND MODERATION

OF A PRIVATE CITIZEN:

WHO INFUSED INTO ORIENTAL DESPOTISM THE SPIRIT OF  
BRITISH FREEDOM:

WHO NEVER FORGOT THAT THE END OF GOVERNMENT IS  
THE HAPPINESS OF THE GOVERNED:

WHO ABOLISHED CRUEL RITES:

WHO EFFACED HUMILIATING DISTINCTIONS:

WHO GAVE LIBERTY TO THE EXPRESSION OF PUBLIC  
OPINION:

WHOSE CONSTANT STUDY IT WAS, TO ELEVATE THE IN-  
TELLECTUAL AND MORAL CHARACTER OF THE  
NATIONS COMMITTED TO HIS CHARGE:

THIS MONUMENT

WAS ERECTED BY MEN,

WHO, DIFFERING IN RACE, IN MANNERS, IN LANGUAGE,  
AND IN RELIGION,

CHERISH, WITH EQUAL VENERATION AND GRATITUDE,  
THE MEMORY OF HIS WISE, UPRIGHT,  
AND PATERNAL ADMINISTRATION.

EPITAPH ON SIR BENJAMIN HEATH  
MAEKIN

AT CALCUTTA

1837

THIS MONUMENT  
IS SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF

SIR BENJAMIN HEATH MAEKIN, KNIGHT,  
ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF  
JUDICATURE:

A MAN EMINENTLY DISTINGUISHED  
BY HIS LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS,  
BY HIS PROFESSIONAL LEARNING AND ABILITY,  
BY THE CLEARNESS AND ACCURACY OF HIS INTELLECT,  
BY DILIGENCE, BY PATIENCE, BY LOVE OF TRUTH;  
BY PUBLIC SPIRIT, ARDENT AND DISINTERESTED,  
YET ALWAYS UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF DISCRETION;  
BY RIGID UPRIGHTNESS, BY UNOSTENTATIOUS PIETY,  
BY THE SERENITY OF HIS TEMPER,  
AND BY THE BENEVOLENCE OF HIS HEART.  
HE WAS BORN ON THE 29TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1797. HE  
DIED ON THE 21ST OCTOBER, 1837.



## EPITAPH ON LORD METCALFE

1847

NEAR THIS STONE IS LAID  
CHARLES LORD METCALFE,  
A STATESMAN TRIED IN MANY HIGH OFFICES  
AND DIFFICULT CONJUNCTIONS,  
AND FOUND EQUAL TO ALL.

THE THREE GREATEST DEPENDENCIES OF THE BRITISH  
CROWN WERE SUCCESSFULLY ENTRUSTED TO HIS CARE.

IN INDIA, HIS FORTITUDE, HIS WISDOM,  
HIS PROBITY, AND HIS MODERATION,

ARE HELD IN HONORABLE REMEMBRANCE

BY MEN OF MANY RACES, LANGUAGES, AND RELIGIONS.

IN JAMAICA, STILL CONVULSED BY A SOCIAL REVOLUTION,

HIS PRUDENCE CALMED THE EVIL PASSIONS

WHICH LONG SUFFERING HAD ENGENDERED IN ONE CLASS

AND LONG DOMINATION IN ANOTHER.

IN CANADA, NOT YET RECOVERED FROM THE CALAMITIES  
OF CIVIL WAR,

HE RECONCILED CONTENDING FACTIONS

TO EACH OTHER AND TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

COSTLY MONUMENTS IN ASIATIC AND AMERICAN CITIES  
ATTEST THE GRATITUDE OF THE NATIONS WHICH HE RULED.

THIS TABLET RECORDS THE SORROW AND THE PRIDE WITH

WHICH HIS MEMORY IS CHERISHED BY HIS FAMILY.

## VALENTINE

TO THE HON. MARY C. STANHOPE, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND  
LADY MAHON

1851

HAIL, day of Music, day of Love,  
 On earth below, in air above.  
 In air the turtle fondly moans,  
 The linnet pipes in joyous tones;  
 On earth the postman toils along, 5  
 Bent double by huge bales of song,  
 Where, rich with many a gorgeous dye,  
 Blazes all Cupid's heraldry —  
 Myrtles and roses, doves and sparrows,  
 Love-knots and altars, lamps and arrows. 10  
 What nymph without wild hopes and fears,  
 The double rap this morning hears?  
 Unnumbered lasses, young and fair,  
 From Bethnal Green<sup>o</sup> to Belgrave Square<sup>c</sup>,  
 With cheeks high flushed, and hearts loud beating, 15  
 Await the tender annual greeting.  
 The loveliest lass of all is mine —  
 Good morrow to my Valentine !

Good morrow, gentle Child ! and then 20  
 Again good morrow, and again,  
 Good morrow following still good morrow,  
 Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.  
 And when the God to whom we pay

In jest our homages to-day  
Shall come to claim, no more in jest, 25  
His rightful empire o'er thy breast,  
Benignant may his aspect be,  
His yoke the truest liberty :  
And if a tear his power confess,  
Be it a tear of happiness. 30  
It shall be so. The Muse displays  
The future to her votary's gaze ;  
Prophetic rage my bosom swells —  
I taste the cake — I hear the bells !  
From Conduit Street° the close array 35  
Of chariots barricades the way  
To where I see, with outstretched hand,  
Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,<sup>1</sup>  
And half unbend his brow of pride,  
As welcoming so fair a bride. 40  
Gay favors, thick as flakes of snow,  
Brighten St. George's° portico :  
Within I see the chancel's pale,  
The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,  
The page on which those fingers white, 45  
Still trembling from the awful rite,  
For the last time shall faintly trace  
The name of Stanhope's noble race.  
I see kind faces round thee pressing,  
I hear kind voices whisper blessing ; 50  
And with those voices mingles mine —  
All good attend my Valentine !

St. Valentine's Day, 1851.

<sup>1</sup> The statue of Mr. Pitt in Hanover Square.



## NOTES

### PREFACE TO THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

THAT what is called the history of the Kings and early Consuls of Rome is to a great extent fabulous, few scholars have, since the time of Beaufort, ventured to deny. It is certain that, more than three hundred and sixty years after the date ordinarily assigned for the foundation of the city, the public records were, with scarcely an exception, destroyed by the Gauls. It is certain that the oldest annals of the commonwealth were compiled more than a century and a half after this destruction of the records. It is certain, therefore, that the great Latin writers of the Augustan age did not possess those materials without which a trustworthy account of the infancy of the republic could not possibly be framed. Those writers own, indeed, that the chronicles to which they had access were filled with battles that were never fought, and Consuls that never were inaugurated; and we have abundant proof that, in these chronicles, events of the greatest importance, such as the issue of the war with Porsena, and the issue of the war with Brennus, were grossly misrepresented. Under these circumstances, a wise man will look with great suspicion on the legend which has come down to us. He will perhaps be inclined to regard the princes who are said to have founded the civil and religious institutions of Rome, the son of Mars, and the husband of Egeria, as mere mythological personages, of the same class with Perseus and Ixion.

As he draws nearer to the confines of authentic history, he will become less and less hard of belief. He will admit that the most important parts of the narrative have some foundation in truth. But he will distrust almost all the details, not only because they seldom rest on any solid evidence, but also because he will constantly detect in them, even when they are within the limits of physical possibility, that peculiar character, more easily understood than defined, which distinguishes the creations of the imagination from the realities of the world in which we live.

The early history of Rome is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and dishevelled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Clælia, the battle of Regillus won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the defence of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

In the narrative of Livy, who was a man of fine imagination, these stories retain much of their genuine character. Nor could even the tasteless Dionysius distort and mutilate them into mere prose. The poetry shines, in spite of him, through the dreary pedantry of his eleven books. It is discernible in the most tedious

and in the most superficial modern works on the early times of Rome. It enlivens the dulness of the Universal History, and gives a charm to the most meagre abridgments of Goldsmith.

Even in the age of Plutarch there were discerning men who rejected the popular account of the foundation of Rome, because that account appeared to them to have the air, not of a history, but of a romance or a drama. Plutarch, who was displeased at their incredulity, had nothing to say in reply to their arguments than that chance sometimes turns poet, and produces trains of events not to be distinguished from the most elaborate plots which are constructed by art. But though the existence of a poetical element in the early history of the Great City was detected so many years ago, the first critic who distinctly saw from what source that poetical element had been derived was James Perizonius, one of the most acute and learned antiquaries of the seventeenth century. His theory, which, in his own days, attracted little or no notice, was revived in the present generation by Niebuhr, a man who would have been the first writer of his time, if his talent for communicating truths had borne any proportion to his talent for investigating them. That theory has been adopted by several eminent scholars of our own country, particularly by the Bishop of St. David's, by Professor Malden, and by the lamented Arnold. It appears to be now generally received by men conversant with classical antiquity; and indeed it rests on such strong proofs, both internal and external, that it will not be easily subverted. A popular exposition of this theory, and of the evidence by which it is supported, may not be without interest even for readers who are unacquainted with the ancient languages.

The Latin literature which has come down to us is of later date than the commencement of the Second Punic War, and consists almost exclusively of works fashioned on Greek models. The Latin metres, heroic, elegiac, lyric, and dramatic, are of Greek origin. The best Latin epic poetry is the feeble echo of the *Iliad*

and the *Odyssey*. The best Latin eclogues are imitations of Theocritus. The plan of the most finished didactic poem in the Latin tongue was taken from Hesiod. The Latin tragedies are bad copies of the masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides. The Latin comedies are free translations from Demophilus, Menander, and Apollodorus. The Latin philosophy was borrowed, without alteration, from the Portico and the Academy; and the great Latin orators constantly proposed to themselves as patterns the speeches of Demosthenes and Lysias.

But there was an earlier Latin literature, a literature truly Latin, which has wholly perished, which had, indeed, almost wholly perished long before those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the greatest Latin writers were born. That literature abounded with metrical romances, such as are found in every country where there is much curiosity and intelligence, but little reading and writing. All human beings, not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. But it is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which, in a highly civilized nation, is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilized, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear, than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interesting story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will be always highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries. Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement. Tacitus informs us that songs were the only memorials of the past which the ancient Germans possessed. We learn from Lucan and from Ammianus Marcellinus that the brave actions of the ancient Gauls were commemorated in



the verses of Bards. During many ages, and through many revolutions, minstrelsy retained its influence over both the Teutonic and the Celtic race. The vengeance exacted by the spouse of Attila for the murder of Siegfried was celebrated in rhymes, of which Germany is still justly proud. The exploits of Athelstane were commemorated by the Anglo-Saxons, and those of Canute by the Danes, in rude poems, of which a few fragments have come down to us. The chants of the Welsh harpers preserved, through ages of darkness, a faint and doubtful memory of Arthur. In the Highlands of Scotland may still be gleaned some relics of the old songs about Cuthullin and Fingal. The long struggle of the Servians against the Ottoman power was recorded in lays full of martial spirit. We learn from Herrera that when a Peruvian Inca died, men of skill were appointed to celebrate him in verses, which all the people learned by heart and sang in public on days of festival. The feats of Kurroglou, the great freebooter of Turkistan, recounted in ballads composed by himself, are known in every village of Northern Persia. Captain Beechey heard the Bards of the Sandwich Islands recite the heroic achievements of Tamehameha, the most illustrious of their kings. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa a class of singing men, the only annalists of their rude tribes, and heard them tell the story of the victory which Damel, the negro prince of the Jaloffs, won over Abdulkader, the Mussulman tyrant of Foota Torra. This species of poetry attained a high degree of excellence among the Castilians, before they began to copy Tuscan patterns. It attained a still higher degree of excellence among the English and the Lowland Scotch, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. But it reached its full perfection in ancient Greece; for there can be no doubt that the great Homeric poems are generically ballads, though widely distinguished from all other ballads, and indeed from almost all other human compositions, by transcendent sublimity and beauty.

As it is agreeable to general experience that, at a certain stage

in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should flourish, so is it also agreeable to general experience that, at a subsequent stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should be undervalued and neglected. Knowledge advances: manners change: great foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. The phraseology of the old minstrels becomes obsolete. Their versification, which, having received its laws only from the ear, abounds in irregularities, seems licentious and uncouth. Their simplicity appears beggarly when compared with the quaint forms and gaudy coloring of such artists as Cowley and Gongora. The ancient lays, unjustly despised by the learned and polite, linger for a time in the memory of the vulgar, and are at length too often irretrievably lost. We cannot wonder that the ballads of Rome should have altogether disappeared, when we remember how very narrowly, in spite of the invention of printing, those of our own country and those of Spain escaped the same fate. There is indeed little doubt that oblivion covers many English songs equal to any that were published by Bishop Percy, and many Spanish songs as good as the best of those which have been so happily translated by Mr. Lockhart. Eighty years ago England possessed only one tattered copy of *Childe Waters*, and *Sir Cauline*, and Spain only one tattered copy of the noble poem of the *Cid*. The snuff of a candle, or a mischievous dog, might in a moment have deprived the world forever of any of those fine compositions. Sir Walter Scott, who united to the fire of a great poet the minute curiosity and patient diligence of a great antiquary, was but just in time to save the precious relics of the Minstrelsy of the Border. In Germany, the lay of the *Nibelungs* had been long utterly forgotten, when in the eighteenth century it was for the first time printed from a manuscript in the old library of a noble family. In truth the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilization, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their old ballads, were the Greeks.

That the early Romans should have had ballad-poetry, and that

this poetry should have perished, is therefore not strange. It would, on the contrary, have been strange if these things had not come to pass; and we should be justified in pronouncing them highly probable, even if we had no direct evidence on the subject. But we have direct evidence of unquestionable authority.

Ennius, who flourished in the time of the Second Punic War, was regarded in the Augustan age as the father of Latin poetry. He was, in truth, the father of the second school of Latin poetry, the only school of which the works have descended to us. But from Ennius himself we learn that there were poets who stood to him in the same relation in which the author of the romance of Count Alarcos stood to Garcilaso, or the author of the "*Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*" to Lord Surrey. Ennius speaks of verses which the Fauns and the Bards were wont to chant in the old time, when none had yet studied the graces of speech, when none had yet climbed the peaks sacred to the Goddesses of Grecian song. "Where," Cicero mournfully asks, "are those old verses now?"

Contemporary with Ennius was Quintus Fabius Pictor, the earliest of the Roman annalists. His account of the infancy and youth of Romulus and Remus has been preserved by Dionysius, and contains a very remarkable reference to the ancient Latin poetry. Fabius says that in his time his countrymen were still in the habit of singing ballads about the Twins. "Even in the hut of Faustus" — so these old lays appear to have run — "the children of Rhea and Mars were, in port and spirit, not unlike unto swineherds or cowherds, but such that men might well guess them to be of the blood of Kings and Gods."

Cato the Censor, who also lived in the days of the Second Punic War, mentioned this lost literature in his last work on the antiquities of his country. Many ages, he said, before his time, there were ballads in praise of illustrious men; and these ballads it was the fashion for the guests at banquets to sing in turn while the

piper played. "Would," exclaims Cicero, "that we still had the old ballads of which Cato speaks!"

Valerius Maximus gives us exactly similar information without mentioning his authority, and observes that the ancient Roman ballads were probably of more benefit to the young than all the lectures of the Athenian schools, and that to the influence of the national poetry were to be ascribed the virtues of such men as Camillus and Fabricius.

Varro, whose authority on all questions connected with the antiquities of his country is entitled to the greatest respect, tells us that at banquets it was once the fashion for boys to sing, sometimes with and sometimes without instrumental music, ancient ballads in praise of men of former times. These young performers, he observes, were of unblemished character, a circumstance which he probably mentioned because, among the Greeks, and indeed in his time among the Romans also, the morals of singing boys were in no high repute.

The testimony of Horace, though given incidentally, confirms the statements of Cato, Valerius Maximus, and Varro. The poet predicts that, under the peaceful administration of Augustus, the Romans will, over their full goblets, sing to the pipe, after the fashion of their fathers, the deeds of brave captains and the ancient legends touching the origin of the city.

The proposition, then, that Rome had ballad-poetry is not merely in itself highly probable, but is fully proved by direct evidence of the greatest weight.

This proposition being established, it becomes easy to understand why the early history of the city is unlike almost everything else in Latin literature, native where almost everything else is borrowed, imaginative where almost everything else is prosaic. We can scarcely hesitate to pronounce that the magnificent, pathetic, and truly national legends, which present so striking a contrast to all that surrounds them, are broken and defaced frag-

ments of that early poetry which, even in the age of Cato the Censor, had become antiquated, and of which Tully had never heard a line.

That this poetry should have been suffered to perish will not appear strange when we consider how complete was the triumph of the Greek genius over the public mind of Italy. It is probable that, at an early period, Homer and Herodotus furnished some hints to the Latin minstrel; but it was not till after the war with Pyrrhus that the poetry of Rome began to put off its old Ausonian character. The transformation was soon consummated. The conquered, says Horace, led captive the conquerors. It was precisely at the time at which the Roman people rose to unrivalled political ascendancy that they stooped to pass under the intellectual yoke. It was precisely at the time at which the sceptre departed from Greece that the empire of her language and of her arts became universal and despotic. The revolution indeed was not effected without a struggle. Nævius seems to have been the last of the ancient line of poets. Ennius was the founder of a new dynasty. Nævius celebrated the First Punic War in Saturnian verse, the old national verse of Italy. Ennius sang the Second Punic War in numbers borrowed from the Iliad. The elder poet, in the epitaph which he wrote for himself, and which is a fine specimen of the early Roman diction and versification, plaintively boasted that the Latin language had died with him. Thus what to Horace appeared to be the first faint dawn of Roman literature, appeared to Nævius to be its hopeless setting. In truth, one literature was setting, and another dawning.

The victory of the foreign taste was decisive; and indeed we can hardly blame the Romans for turning away with contempt from the rude lays which had delighted their fathers, and giving their whole admiration to the immortal productions of Greece. The national romances, neglected by the great and the refined whose education had been finished at Rhodes or Athens, continued, it may be sup-

posed, during some generations to delight the vulgar. While Virgil, in hexameters of exquisite modulation, described the sports of rustics, those rustics were still singing their wild Saturnian ballads. It is not improbable that, at the time when Cicero lamented the irreparable loss of the poems mentioned by Cato, a search among the nooks of the Apennines, as active as the search which Sir Walter Scott made among the descendants of the moss-troopers of Liddesdale, might have brought to light many fine remains of ancient minstrelsy. No such search was made. The Latin ballads perished forever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry, as the traveller on classic ground sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent, a pillar rich with acanthus leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theatres and temples of the Greek and the Roman were degraded into the quarries of the Turk and the Goth. Even so did the ancient Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose.

It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected on such an occasion to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed, would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to the speeches; and

the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles.

It may be worth while to select a particular story, and to trace its probable progress through these stages. The description of the migration of the Fabian house to Cremera is one of the finest of the many fine passages which lie thick in the earlier books of Livy. The Consul, clad in his military garb, stands in the vestibule of his house, marshalling his clan, three hundred and six fighting men, all of the proud patrician blood, all worthy to be attended by the fasces, and to command the legions. A sad and anxious retinue of friends accompanies the adventurers through the streets; but the voice of lamentation is drowned by the shouts of admiring thousands. As the procession passes the Capitol, prayer and vows are poured forth, but in vain. The devoted band, leaving Janus on the right, marches to its doom through the Gate of Evil Luck. After achieving high deeds of valor against overwhelming numbers, all perished save one child, the stock from which the great Fabian race was destined again to spring for the safety and glory of the commonwealth. That this fine romance, the details of which are so full of poetical truth, and so utterly destitute of all show of historical truth, came originally from some lay which had often been sung with great applause at banquets, is in the highest degree probable. Nor is it difficult to imagine a mode in which the transmission might have taken place. The celebrated Quintus Fabius Maximus, who died about twenty years before the First Punic War, and more than forty years before Ennius was born, is said to have been interred with extraordinary pomp. In the eulogy pronounced over his body all the great exploits of his ancestors were doubtless recounted and exaggerated. If there were then extant songs which gave a vivid and touching description of an event, the saddest and the most glorious in the long history of the Fabian house, nothing could be more natural than that the panegyrist should borrow from such songs their finest touches, in order to

adorn his speech. A few generations later the songs would perhaps be forgotten, or remembered only by the shepherds and vine-dressers. But the speech would certainly be preserved in the archives of the Fabian nobles. Fabius Pictor would be well acquainted with a document so interesting to his personal feelings, and would insert large extracts from it in his rude chronicle. That chronicle, as we know, was the oldest to which Livy had access. Livy would at a glance distinguish the bold strokes of the forgotten poet from the dull and feeble narrative by which they were surrounded, would retouch them with delicate and powerful pencil, and would make them immortal.

That this might happen at Rome can scarcely be doubted; for something very like this has happened in several countries, and, among others, in our own. Perhaps the theory of Perizonius cannot be better illustrated than by showing that what he supposes to have taken place in ancient times has, beyond all doubt, taken place in modern times.

“History,” says Hume, with the utmost gravity, “has preserved some instances of Edgar’s amours, from which, as a specimen, we may form a conjecture of the rest.” He then tells very agreeably the stories of Elfreda and Elfrida, two stories which have a most suspicious air of romance, and which, indeed, greatly resemble, in their general character, some of the legends of early Rome. He cites, as his authority for those two tales, the chronicles of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the time of King Stephen. The great majority of readers suppose that the device by which Elfrida was substituted for her young mistress, the artifice by which Athelwold obtained the hand of Elfrida, the detection of that artifice, the hunting party, and the vengeance of the amorous king, are things about which there is no more doubt than about the execution of Anne Boleyn, or the slitting of Sir John Coventry’s nose. But when we turn to William of Malmesbury, we find that Hume, in his eagerness to relate these pleasant fables, has overlooked one



very important circumstance. William does indeed tell both the stories ; but he gives us distinct notice that he does not warrant their truth, and that they rest on no better authority than that of ballads.

Such is the way in which these two well-known tales have been handed down. They originally appeared in a poetical form. They found their way from ballads into an old chronicle. The ballads perished : the chronicle remained. A great historian, some centuries after the ballads had been altogether forgotten, consulted the chronicle. He was struck by the lively coloring of these ancient fictions ; he transferred them to his pages ; and thus we find inserted, as unquestionable facts, in a narrative which is likely to last as long as the English tongue, the inventions of some minstrel whose works were probably never committed to writing, whose name is buried in oblivion, and whose dialect has become obsolete. It must, then, be admitted to be possible, or rather highly probable, that the stories of Romulus and Remus, and of the Horatii and Curiatii, may have had a similar origin.

Castilian literature will furnish us with another parallel case. Mariana, the classical historian of Spain, tells the story of the ill-starred marriage which the King Don Alonso brought about between the heirs of Carrion and the two daughters of the Cid. The Cid bestowed a princely dower on his sons-in-law. But the young men were base and proud, cowardly and cruel. They were tried in danger and found wanting. They fled before the Moors, and once when a lion broke out of his den, they ran and crouched in an unseemly hiding-place. They knew that they were despised, and took counsel how they might be avenged. They parted from their father-in-law with many signs of love, and set forth on a journey with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. In a solitary place the bridegrooms seized their brides, stripped them, scourged them, and departed, leaving them for dead. But one of the house of Bivar, suspecting foul play, had followed the travellers in disguise. The

ladies were brought back safe to the house of their father. Complaint was made to the king. It was adjudged by the Cortes that the dower given by the Cid should be returned, and that the heirs of Carrion together with one of their kindred should do battle against three knights of the party of the Cid. The guilty youths would have declined the combat; but all their shifts were vain. They were vanquished in the lists, and forever disgraced, while their injured wives were sought in marriage by great princes.

Some Spanish writers have labored to show, by an examination of dates and circumstances, that this story is untrue. Such confutation was surely not needed; for the narrative is on the face of it a romance. How it found its way into Mariana's history is quite clear. He acknowledges his obligations to the ancient chronicles; and had doubtless before him the "*Chronica del famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez Campeador*," which had been printed as early as the year 1552. He little suspected that all the most striking passages in this chronicle were copied from a poem of the twelfth century, a poem of which the language and versification had long been obsolete, but which glowed with no common portion of the fire of the *Iliad*. Yet such was the fact. More than a century and a half after the death of Mariana, this venerable ballad, of which one imperfect copy on parchment, four hundred years old, had been preserved at Bivar, was for the first time printed. Then it was found that every interesting circumstance of the story of the heirs of Carrion was derived by the eloquent Jesuit from a song of which he had never heard, and which was composed by a minstrel whose very name had long been forgotten.

Such, or nearly such, appears to have been the process by which the lost ballad-poetry of Rome was transformed into history. To reverse that process, to transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made, is the object of this work.

In the following poems the author speaks, not in his own per-

son, but in the persons of ancient minstrels who know only what a Roman citizen, born three or four hundred years before the Christian era, may be supposed to have known, and who are in no wise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. To these imaginary poets must be ascribed some blunders which are so obvious that it is unnecessary to point them out. The real blunder would have been to represent these old poets as deeply versed in general history, and studious of chronological accuracy. To them must also be attributed the illiberal sneers at the Greeks, the furious party-spirit, the contempt for the arts of peace, the love of war for its own sake, the ungenerous exultation over the vanquished, which the reader will sometimes observe. To portray a Roman of the age of Camillus or Curius as superior to national antipathies, as mourning over the devastation and slaughter by which empire and triumphs were to be won, as looking on human suffering with the sympathy of Howard, or as treating conquered enemies with the delicacy of the Black Prince, would be to violate all dramatic propriety. The old Romans had some great virtues, fortitude, temperance, veracity, spirit to resist oppression, respect for legitimate authority, fidelity in the observing of contracts, disinterestedness, ardent patriotism ; but Christian charity and chivalrous generosity were alike unknown to them.

It would have been obviously improper to mimic the manner of any particular age or country. Something has been borrowed, however, from our own old ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad-poetry. To the *Iliad* still greater obligations are due ; and those obligations have been contracted with the less hesitation, because there is reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images.

It would have been easy to swell this little volume to a very considerable bulk, by appending notes filled with quotations ; but to a learned reader such notes are not necessary ; for an unlearned

reader they would have little interest; and the judgment passed both by the learned and by the unlearned on a work of the imagination will always depend much more on the general character and spirit of such a work than on minute details.

T. B. MACAULAY.

## PREFACE TO HORATIUS

THERE can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some Consul or Prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honors and rewards.

These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own literature, indeed, will furnish an exact parallel to what may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*. In both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy, fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy slays the Douglas in a single combat and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a Northumbrian bowman: in the latter, he is taken and exchanged for the Percy.

Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballads were made. One of the minstrels says :

“Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe  
Call it the battell of Otterburn :  
At Otterburn began this spurne  
Upon a monnyn day.  
Ther was the doughte Doglas slean :  
The Perse never went away.”

The other poet sums up the event in the following lines :

“Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne  
Bytwene the nyghte and the day :  
Ther the Dowglas lost his lyfe,  
And the Percy was lede away.”

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defence of the bridge ; and that while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favorite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian ; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

The penultimate syllable of the name Porsena has been short-

ened in spite of the authority of Niebuhr, who pronounces, without assigning any ground for his opinion, that Martial was guilty of a decided blunder in the line,

“Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.”

It is not easy to understand how any modern scholar, whatever his attainments may be, — and those of Niebuhr were undoubtedly immense, — can venture to pronounce that Martial did not know the quantity of a word which he must have uttered and heard uttered a hundred times before he left school. Niebuhr seems also to have forgotten that Martial has fellow-culprits to keep him in countenance. Horace has committed the same decided blunder; for he gives us, as a pure iambic line,

“Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus.”

Silius Italicus has repeatedly offended in the same way, as when he says,

“Cernitur effugiens ardentem Porsena dextram:”

and again,

“Clusinum vulgus, cum, Porsena magne, jubebas.”

A modern writer may be content to err in such company.

Niebuhr's supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

T. B. MACAULAY.

### HORATIUS (Pages 1-25)

1. **Lars Porsena** was king of Clusium, an Etruscan town. The expedition described in this poem was for the purpose of restoring to the throne of Rome the banished Tarquin the Proud.

**Clusium**, on the site of the modern Chiusi. A city of Tuscany, near the western shore of Italy.

2. **The Nine Gods** of the Etruscans were Juno, Minerva, and Tinia, Vulcan, Mars, and Saturn, Hercules, Lummanus, and Vedio. — BREWER.

4. The Tarquins, long kings at Rome, had been expelled for their tyranny.

14. **Etruscan**. The inhabitants of ancient Etruria, whose boundaries were nearly the same as those of modern Tuscany, were called Etrurians or *Etruscans*.

26. **Volaterræ**. A powerful city of Etruria, built on a lofty hill about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and possessing extensive territory; hence Macaulay's epithet "lordly."

30. **Populonia**. A seaport city of Etruria, under the dominion of Volaterræ.

32. The island of **Sardinia** is distant about one hundred and thirty miles from the coast of Tuscany.

34. **Pisæ**, or Pisa. A city of Etruria. The site of the modern Pisa, in which scarcely a trace of the ancient city is to be found, is on the river Serchio, near the Mediterranean coast.

36. **Massilia**. An ancient Gallic city (on the site of the present Marseilles) and long an ally of Rome.

38. **Clanis**, now Chiano (compare the change of name with that of Clusium to Chiusi). A river of Etruria.

40. **Cortona**. Of the same name and site as the modern city.

43. **Auser**. Now the Serchio. See note on line 34.

45. **Ciminian hill**. A range of mountains in Etruria, now Monte Cimino.

46. **Clitumnus**. A tributary of the river Tiber (now Clitumno) in Umbria, east of Tuscany.

49. **Volsinian mere**. Now Lake Bolsena, in the province of Rome.

58. **Arretium.** A city of Etruria, now Arezzo, at the foot of the Apennines.

60. **Umbro.** A river of Etruria, now the Ombrone.

61. In allusion to the washing of the sheep before shearing.

62. **Luna.** An Etruscan town, now Luni.

63-64. In allusion to the treading out of the juice of the grapes in the wine-press.

72. The early writing of the Greeks, learned from the Phœnicians, or some other Semitic source, was at first from right to left, then from right to left and back again, or "plough-wise," and finally from left to right.

80. **Nursia.** A city of the Sabines, now Norcia, in the province of Umbria.

86. **Sutrium.** An Etruscan city, the modern Sutri.

96. **Tusculum** was a lofty fortified town about ten miles south-east of the city of Rome, near the present Frascati.

**Mamilius** had married the daughter of Tarquin the Proud.

97. **Latian.** Latium, the country of the Latians, or Latins. Though its boundaries varied at different times, it included in general the western part of Italy between Etruria and Campania.

122. The **Tarpeian** rock. A part of the Capitoline Hill in Rome was so called from the legend that Tarpeia, daughter of Spurius Tarpeius, tempted by the golden bracelets of the Sabines, agreed to open a gate of the fortress for them, and that, having entered, they cast their shields upon her and crushed her to death.

133. **Crustumerium.** A Sabine town.

134. **Ostia.** The harbor of Rome, sixteen miles from that city, and at the mouth of the Tiber.

136. **Janiculum.** "Ancus Marcius built a fortress on the Janiculus, a hill on the other side of the Tiber, as a protection against the Etruscans, and connected it with the city by means of the Pons Sublicius." — SMITH'S *Classical Dictionary*. This Sublician bridge is supposed to be that of the present story.



185. **Lucumo** was the original name of the first Tarquin. It is here used to denote an Etruscan Patrician.

192. **Thrasymene**. A lake in Etruria, near Clusium, now called Perugia.

199. **Sextus**. One of the Tarquins, who violated the honor of Lucretia, the wife of his kinsman, Collatinus. She summoned her husband and father, told them the story of her wrongs, and then plunged a knife into her heart. This crime of Sextus caused the downfall and banishment of the Tarquins. See page 33, lines 209-228.

242, 246. **Ramnian** and **Titian** appear to be family or clan designations.

253 ff. These lines give the point of view of the supposed balladist. See Macaulay's preface above.

267. The **Tribunes** were the officers elected from the common people to preserve their rights against the encroachments of the nobles.

268. The **Fathers** were the *Patres*, or *Patricii*, those of noble rank.

277. The **Commons** were the *plebs*, or common people, as distinguished from the nobles, or patricians.

301. **Tifernum** was a town of Umbria, near the source of the Tiber.

304. **Ilva** (now Elba). A small island off the coast of Italy, near Populonia (see note on line 30). It was famous for its iron mines.

309. **Nequinum**. A town in Umbria, on the bank of the river **Nar** (line 310). Its name was later changed to Narnia, and is now Narni.

319. **Falerii**. An Etruscan town near Mount Soracte.

321. **Urgo**. Also known as Gorgor, and now as Gorgona, an island north of Ilva or Elba. See note, line 304.

323. **Volsinium**. An ancient Etruscan city (now Bolsena), on the Volsinian lake.

326. **Cosa.** An Etruscan city, near the coast, now Ansedonia.

337. **Campania.** A province of Italy, southeast of Latium, and bordering on the coast.

360. In allusion to the story that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were suckled by a wolf.

384. **Alvernus.** See note on *Lavernia* or *Alvernia*, p. 216.

488. **Palatinus.** The first of the "seven hills of Rome."

545. One form of the legend has it, that he received as much land as he could encircle with the plough in a day. Cf. the story in Virgil, Book I.

550. **Comitium.** The place of public legislative assembly; the Forum.

572. **Algidus.** A wooded range of mountains in Latium.

## PREFACE TO THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS

THE following poem is supposed to have been produced about ninety years after the lay of Horatius. Some persons mentioned in the lay of Horatius make their appearance again, and some appellations and epithets used in the lay of Horatius have been purposely repeated; for, in an age of ballad-poetry, it scarcely ever fails to happen, that certain phrases come to be appropriated to certain men and things, and are regularly applied to those men and things by every minstrel. Thus we find both things in the Homeric poems and in Hesiod, βίη 'Ηρακληείη' περικλύτος 'Αμφιγυήεις, διάκτορος 'Αργειφόντης, ἐπτάπυλος Θήβη, 'Ελένης ξενε' ἡὔκόμοιο. Thus, too, in our own national songs, Douglas is almost always the doughty Douglas: England is merry England: all the gold is red; and all the ladies are gay.

The principal distinction between the lay of Horatius and the lay of the Lake Regillus is that the former is meant to be purely Roman, while the latter, though national in its general spirit, has

a slight tincture of Greek learning and of Greek superstition. The story of the Tarquins, as it has come down to us, appears to have been compiled from the works of several popular poets ; and one, at least, of those poets appears to have visited the Greek colonies in Italy, if not Greece itself, and to have had some acquaintance with the works of Homer and Herodotus. Many of the most striking adventures of the house of Tarquin, before Lucretia makes her appearance, have a Greek character. The Tarquins themselves are represented as Corinthian nobles of the great house of the Bacchiadæ, driven from their country by the tyranny of that Cypselus, the tale of whose strange escape Herodotus has related with incomparable simplicity and liveliness. Liyy and Dionysius tell us that when Tarquin the Proud was asked what was the best mode of governing a conquered city, he replied only by beating down with his staff all the tallest poppies in his garden. This is exactly what Herodotus, in the passage to which reference has already been made, relates of the counsel given to Periander, the son of Cypselus. The stratagem by which the town of Gabii is brought under the power of the Tarquins is, again, obviously copied from Herodotus. The embassy of the young Tarquins to the oracle at Delphi is just such a story as would be told by a poet whose head was full of the Greek mythology : and the ambiguous answer returned by Apollo is in the exact style of the prophecies which, according to Herodotus, lured Cræsus to destruction. Then the character of the narrative changes. From the first mention of Lucretia to the retreat of Portusena nothing seems to be borrowed from foreign sources. The villany of Sextus, the suicide of his victim, the revolution, the death of the sons of Brutus, the defence of the bridge, Mucius burning his hand, Clælia swimming through the Tiber, seem to be all strictly Roman. But when we have done with the Tuscan war, and enter upon the war with the Latines, we are again struck by the Greek air of the story. The Battle of the Lake Regillus is in all respects a Homeric battle, except that the combatants ride

astride on their horses, instead of driving chariots. The mass of fighting men is hardly mentioned. The leaders single each other out, and engage hand to hand. The great object of the warriors on both sides is, as in the Iliad, to obtain possession of the spoils and bodies of the slain; and several circumstances are related which forcibly remind us of the great slaughter round the corpses of Sarpedon and Patroclus.

But there is one circumstance which deserves especial notice. Both the war of Troy and the war of Regillus were caused by the licentious passions of young princes, who were therefore peculiarly proud not to be sparing of their own persons in the day of battle. Now the conduct of Sextus at Regillus, as described by Livy, so exactly resembles that of Paris, as described at the beginning of the third book of the Iliad, that it is difficult to believe the resemblance accidental. Paris appears before the Trojan ranks, defying the bravest Greek to encounter him :

Τρωσὶν μὲν προμάχισεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς,  
 . . . . . Ἀργείων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους,  
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηιοτῆτι.

Livy introduces Sextus in a similar manner: "Ferocem juvenum Tarquinius, ostentantem se in prima exsulum acie." Menelaus rushes to meet Paris. A Roman noble, eager for vengeance, spurs his horse towards Sextus. Both the guilty princes are instantly terror-stricken :

Τὸν δ' ὧς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδὴς  
 ἐν προμάχοισι φανέντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἦτορ·  
 ἂψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλείνων.

"Tarquinius," says Livy, "retro in agmen suorum infenso cessit hosti." If this be a fortuitous coincidence, it is one of the most extraordinary in literature.

In the following poem, therefore, images and incidents have

been borrowed, not merely without scruple, but on principle, from the incomparable battle-pieces of Homer.

The popular belief at Rome, from an early period, seems to have been that the event of the great day of Regillus was decided by supernatural agency. Castor and Pollux, it was said, had fought, armed and mounted, at the head of the legions of the commonwealth, and had afterwards carried the news of the victory with incredible speed to the city. The well in the Forum at which they had alighted was pointed out. Near the well rose their ancient temple. A great festival was kept to their honor on the Ides of Quintilis, supposed to be the anniversary of the battle; and on that day sumptuous sacrifices were offered to them at the public charge. One spot on the margin of Lake Regillus was regarded during many ages with superstitious awe. A mark, resembling in shape a horse's hoof, was discernible in the volcanic rock; and this mark was believed to have been made by one of the celestial chargers.

How the legend originated cannot now be ascertained: but we may easily imagine several ways in which it might have originated; nor is it at all necessary to suppose, with Julius Frontinus, that two young men were dressed up by the Dictator to personate the sons of Leda. It is probable that Livy is correct when he says that the Roman general, in the hour of peril, vowed a temple to Castor. If so, nothing could be more natural than that the multitude should ascribe the victory to the favor of the Twin Gods. When such was the prevailing sentiment, any man who chose to declare that, in the midst of the confusion and slaughter, he had seen two godlike forms on white horses scattering the Latines, would find ready credence. We know, indeed, that, in modern times, a very similar story actually found credence among a people much more civilized than the Romans of the fifth century before Christ. A chaplain of Cortes, writing about thirty years after the conquest of Mexico, in an age of printing presses, libraries, uni-

versities, scholars, logicians, jurists and statesmen, had the face to assert that, in one engagement against the Indians, Saint James had appeared on a gray horse at the head of the Castilian adventurers. Many of those adventurers were living when this lie was printed. One of them, honest Bernal Diaz, wrote an account of the expedition. He had the evidence of his own senses against the legend ; but he seems to have distrusted even the evidence of his own senses. He says that he was in the battle, and that he saw a gray horse with a man on his back, but that the man was, to his thinking, Francesco de Morla, and not the ever-blessed apostle, Saint James. "Nevertheless," Bernal adds, "it may be that the person on the gray horse was the glorious apostle Saint James, and that I, sinner that I am, was unworthy to see him." The Romans of the age of Cincinnatus were probably quite as credulous as the Spanish subjects of Charles the Fifth. It is therefore conceivable that the appearance of Castor and Pollux may have become an article of Faith before the generation which had fought at Regillus had passed away. Nor could anything be more natural than that the poets of the next age should embellish this story, and make the celestial horsemen bear the tidings of victory to Rome.

Many years after the temple of the Twin Gods had been built in the Forum, an important addition was made to the ceremonial by which the state annually testified its gratitude for their protection. Quintus Fabius and Cuplius Decius were elected Censors at a momentous crisis. It had become absolutely necessary that the classification of the citizens should be revised. On that classification depended the distribution of political power. Party spirit ran high ; and the republic seemed to be in danger of falling under the dominion either of a narrow oligarchy or of an ignorant and headstrong rabble. Under such circumstances, the most illustrious patrician and most illustrious plebeian of the age were intrusted with the office of arbitrating between the angry factions ; and they

performed their arduous task to the satisfaction of all honest and reasonable men.

One of their reforms was a remodelling of the equestrian order; and, having effected this reform, they determined to give to their work a sanction derived from religion. In the chivalrous societies of modern times, which have much more than may at first sight appear in common with the equestrian order of Rome, it has been usual to invoke the special protection of some Saint, and to observe his day with peculiar solemnity. Thus the Companions of the Garter wear the image of Saint George depending from their collars, and meet, on great occasions, in Saint George's Chapel. Thus, when Lewis the Fourteenth instituted a new order of chivalry for the rewarding of military merit, he commended it to the favor of his own glorified ancestor and patron, and decreed that all the members of the fraternity should meet at the royal palace on the feast of Saint Lewis, should attend the king to chapel, should hear mass, and should subsequently hold their great annual assembly. There is a considerable resemblance between this rule of the order of Saint Lewis and the rule which Fabius and Decius made respecting the Roman knights. It was ordained that a grand muster and inspection of the equestrian body should be part of the ceremonial performed on the anniversary of the battle of Regillus, in honor of Castor and Pollux, the two equestrian Gods. All the knights, clad in purple and crowned with olive, were to meet at a temple of Mars in the suburbs. Thence they were to ride in state to the Forum, where the temple of the Twins stood. This pageant was, during several centuries, considered as one of the most splendid sights of Rome. In the time of Dionysius, the cavalcade sometimes consisted of five thousand horsemen, all persons of fair repute and easy fortune.

There can be no doubt that the Censors who instituted this august ceremony acted in concert with the Pontiffs to whom, by the constitution of Rome, the superintendence of the public worship

belonged ; and it is probable that those high religious functionaries were, as usual, fortunate enough to find in their books or traditions some warrant for the innovation.

The following poem is supposed to have been made for this great occasion. Songs, we know, were chanted at the religious festivals of Rome from an early period, indeed from so early a period that some of the sacred verses were popularly ascribed to Numa, and were utterly unintelligible in the age of Augustus. In the Second Punic War a great feast was held in honor of Juno, and a song was sung in her praise. This song was extant when Livy wrote ; and, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, seemed to him not wholly destitute of merit. A song, as we learn from Horace, was part of the established ritual at the great Secular Jubilee. It is therefore likely that the Censors and Pontiffs, when they had resolved to add a grand procession of knights to the other solemnities annually performed on the Ides of Quintilis, would call in the aid of a poet. Such a poet would naturally take for his subject the battle of Regillus, the appearance of the Twin Gods, and the institution of their festival. He would find abundant materials in the ballads of his predecessors ; and he would make free use of the scanty stock of Greek learning which he had himself acquired. He would probably introduce some wise and holy Pontiff enjoying the magnificent ceremonial which, after a long interval, had at length been adopted. If the poem succeeded, many persons would commit it to memory. Parts of it would be sung to the pipe at banquets. It would be peculiarly interesting to the great Posthumian House, which numbered among its many images that of the Dictator Aulus, the hero of Regillus. The orator who, in the following generation, pronounced the funeral panegyric over the remains of Lucius Posthumius Megellus, thrice Consul, would borrow largely from the lay ; and thus some passages, much disfigured, would probably find their way into the chronicles which were afterwards in the hands of Dionysius and Livy.



Antiquaries differ widely as to the situation of the field of battle. The opinion of those who suppose that the armies met near Cornufelle, between Frascati and the Monte Porzio, is at least plausible, and has been followed in the poem.

As to the details of the battle, it has not been thought desirable to adhere minutely to the accounts which have come down to us. Those accounts, indeed, differ widely from each other, and, in all probability, differ as widely from the ancient poem from which they were originally derived.

It is unnecessary to point out the obvious imitations of the *Iliad*, which have been purposely introduced.

T. B. MACAULAY.

### THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS (Pages 26-53)

1. **Regillus** is a lake in the province of Latium. The battle described in this poem was fought in 498 B.C.

2. The **lictors** were the guards who attended the magistrates.

13. **Yellow River.** The Tiber.

14. **Sacred Hill.** *Mons Sacer*, beyond the Anio, a hill on which stood the temple of Jupiter.

15. **Ides of Quintilis.** The fifteenth of July.

17. **Martian Kalends.** The first of March.

18. **December's Nones.** The fifth day of December.

21. **Twin Brethren.** Castor, son of Leda and Tyndarus, and Pollux, son of Leda and Jupiter.

25. **Parthenius.** A mountain on the frontiers of Argolis and Arcadia.

27. **Cirrho.** A town in Phocis, near the oracle of Delphi.

**Adria.** The Adriatic Sea.

42. **Corne.** Corniculum, a town of Latium, near Lake Regillus.

63. **Thirty Cities.** The confederation of the thirty Latin cities.

84. **Posthumian race.** An ancient patrician family of Rome.

86. **Gabii.** A town of Latium, between Rome and Præneste, and a stronghold of the Tarquins.

115. **Fathers of the City.** The Senate of Rome. Called also *Conscript Fathers* (line 119).

125. **Camerium.** An ancient town of Latium, conquered by Tarquinius Priscus.

132. **Axes.** These were the symbols of office of the lictors. See note on line 2.

165. **Setia.** An ancient town of Latium, famous for its wine. Its modern name is Sezze.

166. **Norba** (now Norma). A strongly fortified town in Latium belonging to the Volscians.

169. **Witch's Fortress.** Circeii on a promontory in the south of Latium, named after the enchantress Circe. — WEBB.

172. **Aricia** (now Riccia). An ancient town of Latium, on the Appian way, sixteen miles from Rome.

174. **ghastly priest.** The priest of the temple of Diana at Aricia was always a runaway slave who had killed his predecessor in single combat. The worship of Diana here was also attended with barbarous customs.

177. **Ufens** (now Uffente). A river in Latium.

183. **Cora.** An ancient town of Latium in the Volscian mountains.

185. **Laurentian jungle.** An ancient town of Latium, near Lavinium, whose marshes were famous for their wild boars.

187. **Anio.** A tributary of the Tiber, now L'Aniene or Teverone.

190. **Velitræ.** An ancient Volscian town in Latium.

205. **Lavinium.** See note above, line 185. Lavinium and Laurentum later became one city.

228. According to the legend, Sextus had found Lucretia among her women spinning. See note on *Horatius*, line 199.

233. **Tibur** (now Tivoli). An ancient town of Latium sixteen

miles northeast of Rome, on the Anio. **Pedum.** An ancient town of Latium.

235. **Ferentinum.** Another ancient town of Latium, now Ferentino.

237. **Volscian.** The Volscians were an ancient tribe of Latium, long enemies of the Romans, but conquered in 338 B.C.

250. **Apulian.** Apulia was, in general, the southeast of Italy.

263. **Pomptine.** The Pontine marshes, as they are now called, are an extensive tract of marshy land on the western coast of Italy.

278. **Digentian.** Digentia was a small, clear stream in Latium. It flowed through the Sabine farm of the poet Horace.

280. **Bandusia.** The name of a spring celebrated in Horace's Odes, III, 13.

288. **Fidenæ.** An ancient town of the Sabines five miles from Rome.

292-300. See Macaulay's Preface, above.

362. The **Velian hill** was near the Forum in Rome.

480. **Aufidus to Po.** Aufidus (now Ofanto), a river rising in the Apennines and flowing into the Adriatic Sea. The Po empties into the same sea about one hundred and fifty miles farther north.

603. **Samothracia.** A small island in the Ægean Sea, now Samothraki.

604. **Cyrene** (now Ghrennan). An ancient city of North Africa, famous for its extensive ruins.

605. **Tarentum.** The modern Taranto.

623. **hearth of Vesta.** Vesta was the goddess of the hearth, or home. Her temple stood in the Forum. In this temple the sacred Vestal fire was kept burning, tended by the Vestal virgins.

624. **Golden Shield.** Ancile, a sacred shield, said to have fallen from heaven in the reign of Numa. Upon its preservation depended the safety of Rome. It was kept under guard in the temple of Vesta.

660. **Lanuvium.** A city of Latium near Rome.

661. **Nomentum.** A Latin and later a Sabine town near Rome.

673. **Arpinum.** A Latian town, now Arpino.

676. **Anxur.** An ancient Latian town on the Appian way, fifty-eight miles southeast of Rome. It is now called Terracina.

695. **the Twelve.** The twelve priests appointed to guard the Golden Shield and the eleven duplicates of it; which had been made to defeat any attempt to steal it. Legend said that the safety of Rome depended upon the preservation of this shield.

699. **colleges.** The word *college* (Latin, *collegium*) signified a body of men in an organization devoted to a common purpose. Here it indicates a body of priests.

721. **Asylum.** In both Greece and Rome many temples and sacred places possessed the right of shielding slaves, debtors, or criminals who fled to them for refuge. Here Rome itself is referred to as the Asylum.

## PREFACE TO VIRGINIA

A COLLECTION consisting exclusively of war-songs would give an imperfect, or rather an erroneous, notion of the spirit of the old Latin ballads. The Patricians, during more than a century after the expulsion of the Kings, held all the high military commands. A Plebeian, even though, like Lucius Siccus, he were distinguished by his valor and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. A minstrel, therefore, who wished to celebrate the early triumphs of his country, could hardly take any but Patricians for his heroes. The warriors who are mentioned in the two preceding lays, Horatius, Curius, Herminius, Aulus Posthumius, Brutus, Elva, Sempronius Atratinus, Valerius Poplicola, were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally ad-

stain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the commonwealth.

But there was a class of compositions in which the great families were by no means so courteously treated. No parts of early Roman history are richer with poetical coloring than those which relate to the long contest between the privileged houses and the commonalty. The population of Rome was, from a very early period, divided into hereditary castes, which, indeed, readily united to repel foreign enemies, but which regarded each other, during many years, with bitter animosity. Between those castes there was a barrier hardly less strong than that which, at Venice, parted the members of the Great Council from their countrymen. In some respects, indeed, the line which separated an Icilius or a Duilius from a Posthumius or a Fabius was even more deeply marked than that which separated the rower of a gondola from a Contarini or a Morosini. At Venice the distinction was merely civil. At Rome it was both civil and religious. Among the grievances under which the Plebeians suffered, three were felt as peculiarly severe. They were excluded from the highest magistracies; they were excluded from all share in the public lands; and they were ground down to the dust by partial and barbarous legislation touching pecuniary contracts. The ruling class in Rome was a moneyed class; and it made and administered the laws with a view solely to its own interest. Thus the relation between lender and borrower was mixed up with the relation between sovereign and subject. The great men held a large portion of the community in dependence by means of advances at enormous usury. The law of debt, framed by creditors, and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the mercy of the Patrician money-lenders. Children often became slaves in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public jail,

under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons. It was said that torture and brutal violation were common ; that tight stocks, heavy chains, scanty measures of food, were used to punish wretches guilty of nothing but poverty ; and that brave soldiers, whose breasts were covered with honorable scars, were often marked still more deeply on the back by the scourges of high-born usurers.

The Plebeians were, however, not wholly without constitutional rights. From an early period they had been admitted to some share of political power. They were enrolled each in his century, and were allowed a share, considerable, though not proportioned to their numerical strength, in the disposal of those high dignities from which they were themselves excluded. Thus their position bore some resemblance to that of the Irish Catholics during the interval between the year 1792 and the year 1829. The Plebeians had also the privilege of annually appointing officers, named Tribunes, who had no active share in the government of the commonwealth, but who, by degrees, acquired a power formidable even to the ablest and most resolute Consuls and Dictators. The person of the Tribune was inviolable ; and, though he could directly effect little, he could obstruct everything.

During more than a century after the institution of the Tribuneship, the Commons struggled manfully for the removal of the grievances under which they labored ; and, in spite of many checks and reverses, succeeded in wringing concession after concession from the stubborn aristocracy. At length, in the year of the city 378, both parties mustered their whole strength for their last and most desperate conflict. The popular and active Tribune, Caius Licinius, proposed the three memorable laws which are called by his name, and which were intended to redress the three great evils of which the Plebeians complained. He was supported, with eminent ability and firmness, by his colleague, Lucius Sextius.

The struggle appears to have been the fiercest that ever, in any community, terminated without an appeal to arms. If such a contest had raged in any Greek city, the streets would have run with blood. But, even in the paroxysms of faction, the Roman retained his gravity, his respect for law, and his tenderness for the lives of his fellow-citizens. Year after year Licinius and Sextius were re-elected Tribunes. Year after year, if the narrative which has come down to us is to be trusted, they continued to exert, to the full extent, their power of stopping the whole machine of government. No curule magistrates could be chosen; no military muster could be held. We know too little of the state of Rome in those days to be able to conjecture how, during that long anarchy, the peace was kept, and ordinary justice administered between man and man. The animosity of both parties rose to the greatest height. The excitement, we may well suppose, would have been peculiarly intense at the annual election of Tribunes. On such occasions there can be little doubt that the great families did all that could be done, by threats and caresses, to break the union of the Plebeians. That union, however, proved indissoluble. At length the good cause triumphed. The Licinian laws were carried. Lucius Sextius was the first Plebeian Consul, Caius Licinius the third.

The results of this great change were singularly happy and glorious. Two centuries of prosperity, harmony, and victory followed the reconciliation of the orders. Men who remembered Rome engaged in waging petty wars almost within sight of the Capitol, lived to see her the mistress of Italy. While the disabilities of the Plebeians continued, she was scarcely able to maintain her ground against the Volscians and Hernicans. When those disabilities were removed, she rapidly became more than a match for Carthage and Macedon.

During the great Licinian contest the Plebeian poets were, doubtless, not silent. Even in modern times songs have been by

no means without influence on public affairs; and we may therefore infer that, in a society where printing was unknown, and where books were rare, a pathetic or humorous party-ballad must have produced effects such as we can but faintly conceive. It is certain that satirical poems were common at Rome from a very early period. The rustics, who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and took little part in the strife of factions, gave vent to their petty local animosities in coarse Fescennine verse. The lampoons of the city were doubtless of a higher order; and their sting was early felt by the nobility. For in the Twelve Tables, long before the time of the Licinian laws, a severe punishment was denounced against the citizen who should compose or recite verses reflecting on another. Satire is, indeed, the only sort of composition in which the Latin poets, whose works have come down to us, were not mere imitators of foreign models; and it is therefore the only sort of composition in which they have never been rivalled. It was not, like their tragedy, their comedy, their epic and lyric poetry, a hot-house plant which, in return for assiduous and skilful culture, gave only scanty and sickly fruits. It was hardy and full of sap; and in all the various juices which it yielded might be distinguished the flavor of the Ausonian soil. "Satire," says Quintilian, with just pride, "is all our own." Satire sprang, in truth, naturally from the constitution of the Roman government, and from the spirit of the Roman people; and, though at length subjected to metrical rules derived from Greece, retained to the last an essentially Roman character. Lucilius was the earliest satirist whose works were held in esteem under the Cæsars. But many years before Lucilius was born Nævius had been flung into a dungeon, and guarded there with circumstances of unusual rigor, on account of the bitter lines in which he had attacked the great Cæcilian family. The genius and spirit of the Roman satirist survived the liberty of their country, and were not extinguished by the cruel despotism of the Julian and Flavian Emperors. The



great poet who told the story of Domitian's turbot, was the legitimate successor of those forgotten minstrels whose songs animated the factions of the infant Republic.

These minstrels, as Niebuhr has remarked, appear to have generally taken the popular side. We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that, at the great crisis of the civil conflict, they employed themselves in versifying all the most powerful and virulent speeches of the Tribunes, and in heaping abuse on the leaders of the aristocracy. Every personal defect, every domestic scandal, every tradition dishonorable to a noble house, would be sought out, brought into notice, and exaggerated. The illustrious head of the aristocratical party, Marcus Furius Camillus, might perhaps be, in some measure, protected by his venerable age, and by the memory of his great services to the State. But Appius Claudius Crassus enjoyed no such immunity. He was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanor, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the Plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in the military commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offences. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valor. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues. One of them had been intrusted with an army, and had failed ignominiously. None of them had been honored with a triumph. None of them had achieved any martial exploit, such as those by which Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, Aulus Cornelius Cossus, and, above all, the great Camillus, had extorted the reluc-

tant esteem of the multitude. During the Licinian conflict, Appius Claudius Crassus signalized himself by the ability and severity with which he harangued against the two great agitators. He would naturally, therefore, be the favorite mark of the Plebeian satirists; nor would they have been at a loss to find a point on which he was open to attack.

His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been Consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the Commons to the abolition of the Tribuneship, and had been the chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the State had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It had been swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury; and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudius upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependant of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonor by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the Tribuneship was re-established; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death.

It can hardly be doubted that a story so admirably adapted to the purposes both of the poet and of the demagogue would be eagerly seized upon by minstrels burning with hatred against the

Patrician order, against the Claudian house, and especially against the grandson and namesake of the infamous Decemvir.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of these fragments of the lay of Virginia, he must imagine himself a Plebeian who has just voted for the re-election of Sextius and Licinius. All the power of the Patricians has been exerted to throw out the two great champions of the Commons. Every Posthumius, Æmilius, and Cornelius has used his influence to the utmost. Debtors have been let out of the workhouses on condition of voting against the men of the people: clients have been posted to hiss and interrupt the favorite candidates: Appius Claudius Crassus has spoken with more than his usual eloquence and asperity: all has been in vain: Licinius and Sextius have a fifth time carried all the tribes: work is suspended: the booths are closed: the Plebeians bear on their shoulders the two champions of liberty through the Forum. Just at this moment it is announced that a popular poet, a zealous adherent of the Tribunes, has made a new song, which will cut the Claudian nobles to the heart. The crowd gathers round him, and calls on him to recite it. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pandar of Appius, and he begins his story.

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### VIRGINIA (Pages 54-68)

5. **fountains running wine.** The followers of Dionysus, the wine-god, are represented in the *Bacchæ* of Euripides as striking the ground, whence issued fountains of milk and wine. — WEBB.

6. **maids with snaky tresses.** The head of Medusa, and the heads of the Furies. **sailors turned to swine.** The sailors of Ulysses were thus metamorphosed by Circe on her island in the Ægean Bay. See Homer's *Odyssey*, Book X.

10. **the wicked Ten.** The ten magistrates (*Decemviri*) were appointed to draw up and administer the laws of Rome in 449 B.C. After a few years they usurped absolute power, until the deed of Appius Claudius, told in this poem, led to their expulsion.

20. **client.** The clients were the dependants of distinguished men. For the details of this relation of patron and client see Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*.

24. **Licinius.** Caius Licinius Calvus, who served as Tribune of the people from 376 to 367 B.C., and who, with his colleague, Lucius Sextius, instituted reforms that brought to an end the strife between patricians and plebeians.

31. **Tablets.** Boards covered with wax, upon which the Romans wrote with a sharp-pointed piece of steel called a *stylus*.

35. **Sacred Street.** The Via Sacra, which led into the Forum.

38. **Lucrece.** See note on *Horatius*, line 199 (page 177), and *Regillus*, line 228 (page 186).

45. **Alban mountains.** The sacred mountain of the Latins. On its summit were celebrated certain religious festivals.

46. **Seven Hills.** The Seven Hills on which Rome was built were Palatinus, Capitolinus, Quirinalis, Cælius, Aventinus, Viminalis, Esquilinus. Rome is frequently referred to in ancient and modern literature as the City of Seven Hills.

83. See note on line 24.

87. **Icilius.** One of the leaders of the cause of the common people. According to the legend, he was three times elected Tribune, was betrothed to Virginia, and after her death aroused the army to revolt against the Ten.

94. **Quirites.** Citizens of Rome.

95. **Servius.** Servius Tullius, sixth king of Rome, 578 to 534 B.C., "regarded by posterity as the author of all their civil rights and institutions." — SMITH.

97. **sire.** In allusion to the murder of Lucius Tarquinius, who was murdered by the sons of Ancus Martius, his predecessor,

and succeeded by the wise and beneficent Servius, of the note above.

98. **Scævola.** Mucius Scævola, according to the legend, was a Roman youth who attempted to assassinate King Porsena, who was besieging the city. Being captured, and condemned by Porsena to be burned alive, he held his hand in the flames without flinching, and told the king that there were three hundred other youths as fearless who had sworn to kill him. The king thereupon rewarded Scævola with his freedom and made peace with Rome.

102. **Sacred Hill.** See note on *Regillus*, line 14.

104-105. **Marcian, Fabian, Quinctius.** The names of powerful patrician families.

106. **Claudius.** Appius Claudius Labinus, the first of the Claudian family in Rome.

115-116. **Holy fillets, etc.** The fillets with which the victim of a sacrifice was decorated.

120. **Usance.** Usury. See line 121.

133. **Corinthian mirrors.** The earlier luxuries and elegancies of life were introduced into Rome from Greece.

134. **Capuan.** Capua, a wealthy and luxurious city of the Etruscans, in the southern part of Italy.

148. **Great sewer.** This great work is said to have been made under Tarquinius Priscus in the sixth century B.C.

182. **Volscians.** See note on *The Battle of Lake Regillus*, l. 237.

228. **Pincian Hill.** In the northwestern part of Rome. **Latin Gate.** At the southernmost end of the city.

249. **Caius of Corioli.** Caius Marcius, surnamed Coriolanus from his heroism at the capture of the Volscian town Corioli, 493 B.C. Two years later he was exiled by the commons for his attitude towards them, and particularly for his attempt to make them give up their tribunes as a condition of the distribution of corn during a famine. In 489 he led an army of Volscians against

Rome, rejected the overtures of peace, and finally consented to spare Rome at the intercession of an embassy of her noblest matrons, led by his wife Veturia and his mother Volumnia. The story is the basis of Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*.

277. **Calabrian.** Calabria was the peninsula at the southeast end of Italy.

278. **Thunder-Cape.** The promontory Iapygium, at the end of Calabria.

280. **Mount Palatine.** See note on line 46.

## PREFACE TO THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

It can hardly be necessary to remind any reader that according to the popular tradition, Romulus, after he had slain his grand-uncle Amulius, and restored his grandfather Numitor, determined to quit Alba, the hereditary domain of the Sylvian princes, and to found a new city. The gods, it was added, vouchsafed the clearest signs of the favor with which they regarded the enterprise, and of the high destinies reserved for the young colony.

This event was likely to be a favorite theme of the old Latin minstrels. They would naturally attribute the project of Romulus to some divine intimation of the power and prosperity which it was decreed that his city should attain. They would probably introduce seers, foretelling the victories of unborn Consuls and Dictators; and the last great victory would generally occupy the most conspicuous place in the prediction. There is nothing strange in the supposition that the poet who was employed to celebrate the first great triumph of the Romans over the Greeks might throw his song of exultation into this form.

The occasion was one likely to excite the strongest feelings of national pride. A great outrage had been followed by a great retribution. Seven years before this time Lucius Posthumus

Megellus, who sprung from one of the noblest houses of Rome, and had been thrice Consul, was sent ambassador to Tarentum, with charge to demand reparation for grievous injuries. The Tarentines gave him audience in their theatre, where he addressed them in such Greek as he could command, which, we may believe, was not exactly such as Cineas would have spoken. An exquisite sense of the ridiculous belonged to the Greek character; and closely connected with this faculty was a strong propensity to flippancy and impertinence. When Posthumius placed an accent wrong, his hearers burst into a laugh. When he remonstrated, they hooted him, and called him barbarian; and at length hissed him off the stage as if he had been a bad actor. As the grave Roman retired, a buffoon who, from his constant drunkenness, was nicknamed the Pint-pot, came up with gestures of the grossest indecency, and bespattered the senatorial gown with filth. Posthumius turned round to the multitude, and held up the gown, as if appealing to the universal law of nations. The sight only increased the insolence of the Tarentines. They clapped their hands, and set up a shout of laughter which shook the theatre. "Men of Tarentum," said Posthumius, "it will take not a little blood to wash this gown."

Rome, in consequence of this insult, declared war against the Tarentines. The Tarentines sought for allies beyond the Ionian Sea. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, came to their help with a large army; and, for the first time, the two great nations of antiquity were fairly matched against each other.

The fame of Greece in arms, as well as in arts, was then at the height. Half a century earlier, the career of Alexander had excited the admiration and terror of all nations from the Ganges to the Pillars of Hercules. Royal houses, founded by Macedonian captains, still reigned at Antioch and Alexandria. That barbarian warriors, led by barbarian chiefs, should win a pitched battle against Greek valor, guided by Greek science, seemed as incredible

as it would now seem that the Burmese or the Siamese should, in the open plain, put to flight an equal number of the best English troops. The Tarentines were convinced that their countrymen were irresistible in war; and this conviction had emboldened them to treat with the grossest indignity one whom they regarded as the representative of an inferior race. Of the Greek generals then living, Pyrrhus was indisputably the first. Among the troops who were trained in the Greek discipline, his Epirotes ranked high. His expedition to Italy was a turning-point in the history of the world. He found there a people who, far inferior to the Athenians and Corinthians in the fine arts, in the speculative sciences, and in all the refinements of life, were the best soldiers on the face of the earth. Their arms, their gradations of rank, their order of battle, their method of intrenchment, were all of Latian origin, and had all been gradually brought near to perfection, not by the study of foreign models, but by the genius and experience of many generations of great native commanders. The first words which broke from the king, when his practised eye had surveyed the Roman encampment, were full of meaning: "These barbarians," he said, "have nothing barbarous in their military arrangements." He was at first victorious; for his own talents were superior to those of the captains who were opposed to him; and the Romans were not prepared for the onset of the elephants of the East, which were then for the first time seen in Italy — moving mountains, with long snakes for hands.<sup>1</sup> But the victories of the Epirotes were fiercely disputed, dearly purchased, and altogether unprofitable. At length, Manius Curius Dentatus, who had in his first Consulship won two triumphs, was again placed at the head of the Roman commonwealth, and sent to encounter the invaders. A great battle was fought near Beneventum. Pyrrhus was completely defeated. He repassed the sea; and the world learned, with amaze-

<sup>1</sup> *Anguimanus* is the old Latin epithet for an elephant. Lucretius, ii. 528. v. 1302.



ment, that a people had been discovered, who, in fair fighting, were superior to the best troops that had been drilled on the system of Parmenio and Antigonus.

The conquerors had a good right to exult in their success; for the glory was all their own. They had not learned from their enemy how to conquer him. It was with their own national arms, and in their own national battle-array, that they had overcome weapons and tactics long believed to be invincible. The pilum and the broadsword had vanquished the Macedonian spear. The legion had broken the Macedonian phalanx. Even the elephants, when the surprise produced by their first appearance was over, could cause no disorder in the steady yet flexible battalions of Rome.

It is said by Florus, and may easily be believed, that the triumph far surpassed in magnificence any that Rome had previously seen. The only spoils which Papirius Cursor and Fabius Maximus could exhibit were flocks and herds, wagons of rude structure, and heaps of spears and helmets. But now, for the first time, the riches of Asia and the arts of Greece adorned a Roman pageant. Plate, fine stuffs, costly furniture, rare animals, exquisite paintings and sculptures, formed part of the procession. At the banquet would be assembled a crowd of warriors and statesmen, among whom Manius Curius Dentatus would take the highest room. Caius Fabricius Luscinus, then, after two Consulships and two triumphs, Censor of the commonwealth, would doubtless occupy a place of honor at the board. In situations less conspicuous probably lay some of those who were, a few years later, the terror of Carthage; Caius Duilius, the founder of the maritime greatness of his country; Marcus Atilius Regulus, who owed to defeat a renown far higher than that which he had derived from his victories; and Caius Lutatius Catulus, who, while suffering from a grievous wound, fought the great battle of the Ægates, and brought the First Punic War to a triumphant close. It is impossible to recount the names of these eminent citizens, without reflecting that they were all,

without exception, Plebeians, and would, but for the ever-memorable struggle maintained by Caius Licinius and Lucius Sextius, have been doomed to hide in obscurity, or to waste in civil broils, the capacity and energy which prevailed against Pyrrhus and Hamilcar.

On such a day we may suppose that the patriotic enthusiasm of a Latin poet would vent itself in reiterated shouts of *Io triumphe*, such as were uttered by Horace on a far less exciting occasion, and in boasts resembling those which Virgil put into the mouth of Anchises. The superiority of some foreign nations, and especially of the Greeks, in the lazy arts of peace, would be admitted with disdainful candor; but pre-eminence in all the qualities which fit a people to subdue and govern mankind would be claimed for the Romans.

The following lay belongs to the latest age of Latin ballad-poetry. Nævius and Livius Andronicus were probably among the children whose mothers held them up to see the chariot of Curius go by. The minstrel who sang on that day might possibly have lived to read the first hexameters of Ennius, and to see the first comedies of Plautus. His poem, as might be expected, shows a much wider acquaintance with the geography, manners, and productions of remote nations, than would have been found in compositions of the age of Camillus. But he troubles himself little about dates, and having heard travellers talk with admiration of the Colossus of Rhodes, and of the structures and gardens with which the Macedonian kings of Syria had embellished their residence on the banks of the Orontes, he has never thought of inquiring whether these things existed in the age of Romulus.

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## THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS (Pages 69-80)

1. **Amulius.** According to the old myth, Numitor, king of Alba Longa, and one of the Sylvian line, was dethroned by his brother Amulius, his son murdered, and his daughter Rhea made a Vestal virgin. She gave birth to two sons by Mars, who were ordered thrown into the Tiber by Amulius. The basket containing them drifted ashore. They were found and suckled by a she-wolf. Later they were discovered and brought up by a shepherd, Faustulus. When they grew up and discovered their origin, they slew the usurper Amulius, restored their grandfather Numitor to his throne, and then proceeded to found the city of Rome on the banks of the Tiber.

4. **Aventine.** One of the seven hills of Rome, near the banks of the Tiber.

86. **Rhea.** See note on line 1.

93. **Capys.** One of the Sylvian line, said to be descended from Æneas.

110. **Tartessian.** Tartessus was an ancient Phœnician town in Spain, conjectured by some writers to be the same as *Tarshish*. See *Jonah* i. 3.

112. **Libyan.** Libya was the Greek designation for Africa, especially north Africa.

115. **Arabia** was famous even in early times for its perfumes.

116. **Sidon.** A city of Phœnicia, famed for its commerce and especially for its purple dye.

149. **Pomona.** The goddess of fruits.

150. **Liber.** Another name for Bacchus, the god of wine.

151. **Pales.** The god of flocks.

171. **Tyre.** A city of Phœnicia, famous like Sidon for its commerce.

175-176. The earlier Romans held in contempt as effeminate the art and literature of Greece.

177. **pilum**. The Latin name for the Roman javelin.

185. **Volscian**. See note on page 187.

187. **Capua**, near the site of the modern Capua, a few miles from Naples, was celebrated for its luxury and effeminacy.

189. **Lucumoes of Arnus**. See note, page 177.

191. **Samnite**. The Samnites were inhabitants of Samnium, a province of central Italy.

200. **Earth-shaking beast**. Elephants trained to battle were a part of the military equipment of Pyrrhus.

205. **Epirotes**. Inhabitants of Epirus, in northwestern Greece. Pyrrhus was king of Epirus.

207. **Tarentum**. Now Taranto. A Greek city in Calabria, Italy. See the sub-title.

230. **Red King**. Pyrrhus.

249. **Manius Curius**. See the sub-title.

257. **Rosea** (*Le Roscie*) was a very fertile district near Reate. Varro mentions the "Rosean horses." — WEBB.

259. **Mevania**. A town in Umbria, famous for its cattle.

264. **Sacred Way**. See note on page 196.

266. **Suppliants' Grove**. The hollow between the two summits of the Capitoline hill, where fugitives from justice or revenge could find refuge.

271-272. **King of Day . . . Rhodes**. See above, page 202.

273. **Orontes**. A river in Syria.

280. **Byrsa**. The citadel of Carthage.

#### IVRY: A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS (Pages 81-84)

The battle of Ivry (near Dreux) was fought in 1590 between Huguenots, under King Henry of Navarre, and the Catholic League,

under the Duke of Mayenne. The objects of the conflict were partly religious, partly political. Henry was heir to the throne of France, but the League had refused to recognize his title. The Huguenots included much of the best of France in character, rank, and intelligence; and the bold and dashing qualities of Henry made him especially dear to his followers.

5. **Rochelle**, on the Bay of Biscay, was the Huguenot headquarters.

14. **Appenzel**. A canton, or division, of Switzerland. **Egmont** (1522-1568). A Flemish general and hero. The reference here is to his soldiers.

15. **Lorraine**. The Lorraines, Dukes of Guise, were among the leaders of the Catholic party against the Huguenots.

18. **Coligni** (1517-1572). A famous Huguenot general, murdered while in attendance at the court of King Charles. He was the first victim of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

30. **Oriflamme**, flame of gold. The sacred banner of Saint Denis; the holy standard of France. Hence any bright ensign.

33. **Fiery Duke**. The Duke of Mayenne.

34. **Guelders**. A province of the Netherlands. **Almayne**. Germany.

42. **D'Aumale**. One of the Catholic leaders.

46. **St. Bartholomew**. The famous massacre of the French Protestants, on St. Bartholomew's day, August 23-24, 1572, incited by the Duke of Guise, Catherine de Medici (queen of France), and Charles IX, king of France. Between twenty thousand and thirty thousand people are said to have been killed.

54-55. **Maximilian** of Bethune, lord of Rosny, later Duke of Sully, and leader of the Liberal party in the government of France.

## THE ARMADA (Pages 85-89)

The Spanish Armada, a great fleet of about 130 vessels, was sent against England in 1588. It was met and defeated by an English fleet of eighty vessels under Lord Howard in the English Channel.

7. **Aurigny.** The French name for Alderney, one of the islands of the English Channel.

12. **Edgecumbe.** A headland near Plymouth, England.

18. **Her Grace.** Queen Elizabeth.

21. **Lion of the sea.** In allusion to the lion in the British flag, and to the British victories on the sea.

23. **Picard field.** Crecy, in Picardy, the scene of Edward III's great victory over Philip of France, August, 1346.

24. **Bohemia's plume.** The royal plume of Bohemia, a crest of three ostrich feathers. **Genoa's bow.** The Genoese crossbow-men. **Cæsar's eagle shield.** Charles IV, Prince of Bohemia, and Emperor of the West, with the title of "Cæsar." Hence the "eagle" of his shield.—WEBB.

25. **Agincourt.** The scene of the famous victory of the English over the French, in 1415.

27. **Sir Knight.** Lord Howard, commander of the English fleet.

30. **Semper eadem.** "Always the same." A favorite motto with Elizabeth.

35. **Eddystone.** A reef in the English Channel, south of Cornwall. **Berwick.** A seaport in Northumberland, at the mouth of the Tweed. **Lynn.** A seaport in Norfolk. **Milford Bay.** Milford Haven, on the southwestern coast of Wales.

38. **St. Michael's Mount.** A rock off the southwestern coast of Cornwall. **Beachy Head.** On the southern coast of England, in Sussex.

41. **Tamar.** A river in the southwestern part of England, emptying into the harbor of Plymouth.

42. **Mendip.** The Mendip Hills, in southwestern England, county of Somerset.

43. **Longleat.** The seat of the Marquis of Bath, near Salisbury, considered one of the finest mansions in England. **Cranbourne.** In Dorsetshire, southeast England.

44. **Stonehenge.** The famous ruins, supposed to be of Druidical origin, in southern England. **Beaulieu.** A town of southern England, near the Isle of Wight.

46. **Clifton Down,** in Gloucester, near Bristol, southwestern England.

47. **Whitehall Palace,** in London. At this time in the possession of the sovereign.

48. **Richmond Hill.** In the western part of London.

59. **Blackheath,** in Kent. Now an open common.

62. **Hampstead.** Now a suburb of London, and a well-known pleasure resort.

65. **Darwin.** Probably Over-Darwen, in Lancaster, northwestern England.

67. **Malvern,** in Worcestershire.

68. **Wrekin.** A hill in Shropshire, England.

69. **Ely.** A city near Cambridge, containing one of England's most famous cathedrals.

71. **Belvoir** (pronounced Bē-vér), in Leicestershire. The site of the famous castle of the Duke of Rutland. **Lincoln,** in Lincolnshire. One of England's most famous cathedral towns.

73. **Skiddaw.** A mountain in Cumberland, England. **Gaunt John** of Gaunt, son of Edward III, was Duke of Lancaster. The turret here referred to, known as John of Gaunt's chair, is at the castle in Lancaster.

74. **Carlisle.** The capital of Cumberland.

## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY (Pages 90-93)

The battle of Naseby occurred in June, 1645. The Puritans were led by Fairfax and Cromwell, and the Royalists by King Charles and Prince Rupert. It was the decisive battle of the Civil War. Macaulay has here well expressed the fierce and haughty piety of the Puritans. See his second chapter of the *History of England* and his *Essay on Milton* for vivid descriptions of Puritan and Cavalier.

11. **Man of Blood.** The name given by the Puritans to the king, Charles I.

12. **Astley.** Sir Jacob Astley, Royalist and general. **Sir Marmaduke Longdale.** One of the leaders of the Royalist forces. **Rupert of the Rhine.** A German prince, nephew of Charles I. who fought in his cause during the Civil War.

14. **The General.** Sir Thomas Fairfax, parliamentary leader and commander-in-chief of the Puritan forces.

22. **Alsatia.** The precinct of White Friars in London, formerly a refuge for criminals. **Whitehall,** the royal palace in London.

29. **Skippon.** A brave Puritan general, and an official of the government under Cromwell.

52. **diamonds and spades.** The Puritans held card-playing in great abhorrence.

54. **Belial.** In the Old Testament one of the names of the spirit of evil. **Mammon.** The spirit of worldliness and avarice.

55. **Oxford halls.** Oxford University was a stronghold of the Royalist cause. **Durham's stalls.** At Durham Cathedral the Mass was publicly celebrated for the last time in England.

57. **She of the seven hills.** The Church of Rome.



## EPITAPH ON HENRY MARTYN (Page 94)

**Henry Martyn** (1781-1812) was an English missionary who died in Armenia. He was a graduate of Cambridge, chaplain to the East India Company, and translated the New Testament into Hindoostanee and into Persian.

## LINES TO THE MEMORY OF PITT (Pages 94-95)

**William Pitt** (1759-1806), the famous Whig statesman, was second son of William Pitt, first earl of Chatham, also a statesman of great distinction. The second William Pitt was the leader of the government during the French wars under Napoleon.

## A RADICAL WAR SONG (Pages 95-98)

Though an ardent Whig, Macaulay shows in the vigorous irony of this poem that he had no sympathy with extreme and anarchical ideas. His Whiggism was of the conservative type.

8. **England's rotten boroughs.** Prior to the great Reform Bill of 1832, the English system of representation in Parliament had fallen into bad conditions. Many boroughs which had dwindled to a mere handful of inhabitants, and in one instance to none, were still represented on an equality with more populous districts.

9. **Castlereagh** (1769-1822). Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh and marquis of Londonderry, an Irish statesman. He became secretary for Ireland in 1797, and was prominent in the government until his death.

12. **Sack.** In allusion to the long-established custom of the

government of presenting the poet-laureate with an annual cask of sack. Robert Southey was laureate from 1813 to 1843.

13. **Eldon.** John Scott (1751-1838), first earl of Eldon, an English jurist and statesman, lord chancellor of England from 1801 to 1827.

17. **Guildhall.** The council hall of London.

19. **St. Stephen's.** The church behind the Mansion House, residence of the lord mayor.

20. **Wynne.** Charles Watkins Williams Wynne (1775-1850), a famous parliamentarian, called by his contemporary Canning, "Mr. Squeaker."

25. **Copley.** John Singleton Copley (1772-1863), Lord Lyndhurst, lawyer and statesman of the Tory party; solicitor-general in 1819.

28. **Pius Van.** William van Mildert (1765-1836), English prelate, professor of theology at Oxford, bishop of Llandaff in 1819 and of Dublin in 1826.

31. **Who freed the blacks.** William Wilberforce (1759-1833), the great philanthropist who did most for the abolition of slavery in England. The denunciation here refers to his support in Parliament of Pitt's financial policies.

38-40. The allusion is to the passage in *Matthew* x. 10.

47. **Hunt.** Leigh Hunt, the poet, well known for his radical political ideas.

49. **Carlisle.** Frederick Howard (1748-1825), fifth earl of Carlisle, an English statesman.

50. **Cranmer.** Thomas Cranmer (1489-1556), archbishop of Canterbury under Henry VIII. One of the leaders of the English Reformation; afterwards martyred for heresy. **Secker.** Thomas Secker (1693-1768), English prelate, successively bishop of Bristol, Oxford, and Canterbury.

51. **Watson,** James (1799-1854). Printer, radical, and socialist.

53. **Thistlewood.** Arthur Thistlewood (1772-1820), an adven-

turer, condemned and executed for a conspiracy to excite an insurrection in London.

54. **Wellesley.** Richard Colley Wellesley (1760-1842), Marquis Wellesley and brother of the Duke of Wellington, distinguished as classical scholar, member of Parliament, governor-general of India, and Secretary of State for England.

56. **Cashman.** Probably a synonym for shopkeeper.

61. **Bayley.** Sir John Bayley (1763-1841), English jurist, and Justice of the King's Bench from 1808. **Best,** William Draper (1767-1845), lawyer and judge.

62. **Gifford,** Robert (1779-1826). As solicitor-general in 1817 he made the prosecuting address against James Watson, on trial for the "offense of imagining the king's death." **Gurney,** Sir John (1768-1845). The lawyer who secured the conviction of two of the Cato Street conspirators.

71. **Hymen.** The Roman god of marriage.

72. **Cupid.** The Roman god of love.

79. **Unexcised.** Untaxed.

80. **Poissardes.** A French wine.

#### THE BATTLE OF MONCONTOUR (Pages 98-99)

1. In the battle of Moncontour (October, 1569) the Huguenots under Coligny were defeated by the French Catholics under the Duc d'Anjou.

14. **Uri.** A canton (or division) of Switzerland.

#### SERMON IN A CHURCHYARD (Pages 100-103)

40. **Hamilton.** The reference is probably to Lady Emma Lyon Hamilton, wife of Sir William Hamilton and mistress of Lord

Nelson. She was a famous beauty, had great social success, and considerable influence in political intrigues. **Waldegraves.** An English family of rank and distinction.

48. **Zeno.** A famous Greek philosopher of the third century B.C.

#### TRANSLATION FROM A. V. ARNAULT (Pages 103-104)

Antoine Vincent Arnault (pronounced Ä-r-nō') (1766-1834) was a French dramatist, fabulist, and poet.

#### DIES IRÆ (Pages 104-106)

**Dies Iræ** was the title of a famous Latin mediæval hymn, the first part of which is here translated by Macaulay.

*Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.*

3. **Sibyl.** The mediæval monks counted twelve sibyls, and assigned to each a separate religious prophecy. The first sibyl was she who brought the sibylline or prophetic books to Rome, and who appears as the guide of Æneas to Hades in the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*. The mediæval sibyls were a later invention, and their prophecies, of course, quite different from those of the first sibyl.

42. **Magdalene.** Mary Magdalene. See *Mark* xvi. 9.

#### THE MARRIAGE OF TIRZAH AND AHIRAD

(Pages 107-124)

This poem develops the story, suggested in *Genesis*, of the pride and wickedness of men, of God's wrath, and the threat of the Deluge. For the sake of brilliancy of picture Macaulay has

assigned to these people a much more highly developed civilization than it is probable they had.

18. **Tower of Triumph.** Not the Tower of Babel, which was erected after the Deluge.

28. **Cain.** The first-born of Adam and Eve.

30. **Dwindling race of men.** A common idea, in both ancient and modern times. See the stories in *Genesis* of the great age to which men and women lived.

65. **Seth.** One of the sons of Adam and Eve.

117. **Nod.** The unknown land east of Eden to which Cain fled under the curse for the murder of his brother. See *Genesis* iv. 16.

120. **Signed of God.** In allusion to the mark set upon the brow of Cain in sign of God's curse.

125-135. See *Genesis* iv. 15.

263. See *Genesis* iv. 3-7.

341. **Elohim.** One of the Hebrew names for God.

384. **Jubal.** According to *Genesis* iv. 21, the inventor of stringed and wind instruments of music.

417-423. Compare *Job* xxvii. 1-2.

424. **Seraphim**, the plural of Seraph; celestial beings surrounding the throne of Jehovah. See *Isaiah* vi. 1-6.

474. **Michael.** One of the archangels, and leader of the host of angels. The "morning star" of line 471 above is Lucifer. See *Paradise Lost*, Book 6.

## THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE

(Pages 125-128)

The Church of England being an "established" church, that is legally entitled to support out of the revenues of the state, and having certain legal prerogatives and powers, has, therefore, been more or less intimately involved in English politics.

25. **Cordeliers.** French monks.

27. **Lord Westmoreland** (1784-1859), soldier, diplomat, author, and Tory.

29. **Lollard.** The Lollards were a religious sect of the fourteenth century who opposed many of the teachings and ceremonies of the Catholic church.

33. **Canning, George** (1770-1827). A distinguished Tory member of Parliament; appointed First Lord of the Treasury in 1827.

40. **Padre.** A priest.

81. **Bishop of Norwich.** Henry Bathurst (1744-1837), made Bishop of Norwich in 1805; distinguished for the liberality of his principles; supported the movement for Roman Catholic emancipation.

83. **Lyndhurst.** See note on Copley, p. 210.

101. **Ware.** A small town near Hertford.

144. **Trumpington.** A small town just outside of Cambridge.

### THE DELIVERANCE OF VIENNA (Pages 130-136).

9. **Thrace.** The ancient name of the country now forming the southeastern part of Turkey in Europe.

24. **Augustan throne.** The Roman empire

27. **Almayne.** Germany.

28. **Phrygian.** Phrygia was in Asia Minor.

36. **Ottoman.** Turkish; also used in general for the Tartars of western and northwestern Asia.

41. **Hebrus.** The ancient name of the river Maritza, in European Turkey.

57. **Arabia's lying prophet.** Mohammed, or Mahomet.

63. **Phthian.** A region of Ancient Greece.

65. **Sultana of the Straits.** Constantinople.

73. **Canaanite.** Canaan was the land between the Jordan and the Mediterranean.

100. **Byzantium.** An ancient Greek city on the site of the eastern part of the present Constantinople.

111. **Islam.** A general name for the people of the Mahometan faith.

134. **Pannonia.** An ancient Roman province by the Danube, corresponding in part to the present Hungary and the lower part of Austria.

146. **Lepanto.** A town in Greece, on the Gulf of Lepanto, the scene of a famous victory over the Turks.

147. **Moslem.** Mahometan.

149. **Syrian Tyrant.** The Ottomans or Turks.

154. **Franks.** Inhabitants of ancient Franconia, whose boundaries often changed from the vicissitudes of war and politics. In general it was the land now Germany.

163. **Ister.** The Danube.

165. **Rab or Arbe.** An island in the Adriatic sea.

### THE LAST BUCCANEER (Pages 136-137)

Piracy, once honored and long tolerated, had practically come to an end by the date of this poem.

7-8. **Salvador and the Caribbees.** Islands in the West Indies.

13. **Cape de Verde.** On the western coast of Africa.

17. **Clyde.** A river of Scotland, navigable up to Glasgow.

19. **Severn.** An English river rising in Wales and emptying into Bristol Channel. This and the Clyde bear much shipping.

20. **Trades.** The trade winds.

21. **St. Jago or Santiago.** One of the Cape Verde islands. **Havannah's royal fort, Morro Castle,** much talked of during the Spanish-American war.

### EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE (Pages 137-138)

7. **Lavernia**, or **Alvernia**, the source of the river Anio. A famous scene upon the mountains near Florence. Referred to by Dante, *Paradiso*, ii, 106. **Scargill**, a town in York, England.

8. **Arno**. A river in Italy, on which are situated Florence and Pisa. **Tees**. A river of England.

### LINES WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE THIRTIETH OF JULY, 1847 (Pages 138-142)

4. **Rothley Castle**. The birthplace of Macaulay.

66. **Bacon**. Sir Francis Bacon, the great jurist, scientist, philosopher, and essayist of the time of Elizabeth.

68. **Hyde**, Edward (1609-1674), Earl of Clarendon. He was a political exile in the Isle of Jersey for fourteen years, during which time he wrote his famous *History of the Rebellion*.

70. **Raleigh**. Sir Walter Raleigh, famous not only as courtier and explorer, but as the author of a history of England (written in prison) and of some graceful and imaginative poetry.

71. **Milton's darkness**. Milton's blindness.

86. **Thule**. The northernmost of the British Isles.

### PARAPHRASE FROM THE MONK OF ST. GALL (Pages 142-144)

1. **Oggier** or **Ogier**, the Dane. A legendary mediæval character, one of the paladins of Charlemagne, much celebrated in mediæval French poetry. **King Didier**, King Desiderius. See Macaulay's prefatory note to the poem.



2. **Charlemagne.** King of the Franks in the eighth century, and Emperor of the Romans.

12. **Lombard.** Lombardy was a Teutonic kingdom comprising the northern part of the present Italy.

19. **Ticin or Ticino.** A river of the Alps and northern Italy.

#### FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM (Page 144)

7. **Andromache**, the wife of Hector in the *Iliad*. Here used in the general sense of a distressed wife.

9. **Church and King.** The cry of Church and King appealed strongly to the cavaliers of King Charles, and, indeed, this union of church and state has long served as a centre of British loyalty.

#### THE CAVALIERS' MARCH TO LONDON (Pages 145-147)

5. **imperial harlot.** The Church of Rome was often so designated by Protestants.

9. **Strand.** The famous London street.

10. **'Change.** Change Alley, in Cornhill, London, long the chief centre of money transactions.

27. **Strafford.** The Earl of Strafford. Thomas Wentworth (1593-1641), a supporter of Charles I, was tried and executed by the "Long Parliament" of the Puritans.

28. **Laud**, William (1573-1645), Archbishop of Canterbury. Condemned and executed by the Puritans for supporting the policy of Charles I.

52. **Pym**, John (1584-1643). A member of the Puritan Parliament and prominent in the impeachments of Strafford and Laud.

55. **Lenthall**, William (1591-1662). Speaker of the House of Commons in the Long Parliament (1640-1644).

63. **Canting muster-roll.** In reference to the Puritan custom of taking as names Biblical proper names and even Biblical texts. See the sub-title of *The Battle of Naseby*.

VALENTINE (Pages 154-155)

14. **Bethnall Green to Belgrave Square.** That is, from East London to West London.

42. **St. George.** The famous church of St. George, near Conduit street, "is well known as a temple of Hymen, and was long the goal of fashionable novelists, from its almost monopoly of marriages in high life." — HARE.

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